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No. 340.

#### GRETCHEN'S LOVER.

BY FANNIE MERRILL.

Say! how and when will he come to me, Over the land or over the sea? Over the mountains or purpling Rhine? Moonlight or starlight, which will look down? Rose-wreath or snow-wreath, which will crown Our meeting, my own true lover's and mine?

Will he think that my face is as sweetly fair, And praise the gold in my braided hair, And the wild-rose flush in my cheek of snow? Oh, surely he will say my eyes Are violets under April skies, As he often used in the Long Ago.

Ah, little Gretchen, the world is wide,
Lovers are fickle as wind and tide,
And dusk eyes glow where violet eyes shone;
Deep, passionate eyes and bronze-brown hair;
Cheeks ripe crimson where yours are fair;
And think'st thou man's heart beats for one

Oh, pure are the snow-wreaths drifting down;
Pure is the face under rose-wreath crown.
Ah, Gretchen, was life too many to live?
Hast met at the last a lover true?
Tenderest love life ever knew;
Death—faithfulest lover Life can give!

### Brave Barbara: FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC. CHAPTER J.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PATRONS. A cool gray sky, a velvet lawn, a group of young people amusing themselves at croquet. Half hidden in century-old elms, and younger maples whose leaves were already edged with

the scarlet and gold of September, a country house, large, rambling, picturesque, and with some claims to elegance in the later additions. Such an old house is always interesting—half human, as it were, and characteristic.

There is wealth in this particular house, no of fine furniture, heavy silver, noble books and rare old engravings only, but also of history and associations—for Washington has looked through those small diamond panes in that quaint bow window, and Lafayette has dined from the pieces of old blue china sacredly preserved on the dark sideboard of the ample dining room. But it is not with by-gone things that we must interest curselves—rather with the eager, palpitating young life, the strange ation-not with the inmates of graveyard which lies on yonder hillside, and whose white headstones gleam through ancient and mossy trees-but with the gay group on the lawn, the click of whose mallets make merry music in the quiet afternoon.

ere was a girl there -sole heiress of the grand old place and descendant of a line of beautiful American women—the sight of whose face alone would make any spot attractive, it was so full of loveliness, youth, spirit, refinement. A peculiar face, of peculiar beauty; not altogether pleasing because too intense, to strong in character for the face of a girl of seventeen—but a face full of extraordinary promise of future ripe beauty, as well as of an original mind. A skin like velvet, dark, smooth and rich; a low handsome forehead, with straight, slender, black brows: a straight nose a small, sweet, but spirited mouth, curved in the perfect line of beauty; a small, but firmly rounded chin; cheeks glowing with splendid health, but easily turning pale with the varying emotions of a passionate, ill-governed nature and all lighted up by a pair of strange, unfathomable, beautiful eyes, sometimes steel-blue oftener a piercing black, but always surprising and fascinating, as they smiled or flashed fire from the deep covert of their dark lashes

Barbara Rensellaer could not even play croet like other young ladies, languidly and indifferently. She always tried to win; she be came angry when she judged that her friends did not play fair; she infused the game with life and excitement; and when she was tired of it she threw down her mallet with the same decision with which she had taken it up.

On this papticular afternoon she had for a partner a lank, light-haired youth whom she despised. She had taken him with no more commendable motive than to make the young gentleman uncomfortable with whom she would have preferred to play. At last she had this person's ball at her mercy, and so she placed her little foot on it; she looked up at him with a sort of sparkling defiance in her dark eves which meant far more to him than the fate of

Do your worst," he said, bitterly, in a low tone which could not reach the ears of their companions; "you never spare me!"

You are quite big enough and old enough to take care of yourself, Mr. Delorme," she returned, saucily; and, with a sturdy stroke, of which we would hardly suppose the small, soft hand capable, she sent his ball flying far beyond the limits of the croquet-ground proper. Then the looked up at him and laughed. He looked down at her and frowned. But the frown passed in a moment, and there was no shade of annoyance in the cool blue eyes which sought to read the girl's soul. As well seek to look to the bottom of a lake rippled by every passing breeze! Barbara's nature was deepunfath-



Do your worst," he said, in a tone which could not reach the ears of their companions, "you never spare me!" man of the world, and one who could do as he | pouring tea into the fragile, costly cups, worth | ing thought that this might be the last time he

pleased with a great many people—especially with young and artless girls—yet Barbara had succeeded in puzzling and interesting him. He would have given, on that September afterhand, to know whether this girl cared for him ity.

Did he care for her? It was almost as difficult for him to answer that age she had lost her mother. his doubt as the other. She teased, discomfited, bewitched, charmed, displeased him. He said to himself that she had a bad temper—that some unusual and pressing business which his she was a coquette—a raw school-girl, too crude | daughter did not understand. to please his fastidious taste, but also, that she was delightful, earnest, warm-hearted, beautiful, and would ripen into a superb woman. all events-whether or not she loved him. whether or not he loved her—he had coolly de-

ermined to marry her He thought he could do it, for her father

She knew that he thought so, and all that was obstinate in her high nature rose up in arms It can be inferred that the wooing would not

be of the softest. "It is my money he is after," thought the

'I must be slow and cautious with her,

back, and then smoothed the frown into a Before the game was completed, the sun had

et, and a servant came out to say that tea was waiting to be served.

gay party threw down their weapons and left the contest undecided. Barbara walked up to the house with the flaxen-haired youth; Delorme followed beside a tall, fair young lady, with eyes bluer than his own and heavy braids and crimps of pale gold hair. Another young couple emerged from a summer-house, where they had been engaged in watching the evening boat to Albany pass up the river; another came wandering in from the swing in the grovealtogether, about a dozen young people entered wide hall of the old mansion, and made their way to the pleasant tea-room; for when Barbara was at her father's country house, she would have plenty of company, and nearly all of these were guests of her own inviting.

Delisle Delorme was not.

Her father had made the acquaintance of this gentleman through a mutual friend, and being incommonly well pleased with his entertaining

society, had invited him to visit Bellevue. Bellevue was a commonplace name for the fine old Rensellaer homestead, but Lafayette had bestowed the cognomen, and its owners would not have changed it for the world.

The soft, golden glow of sunset deluged the quaint tea-room as the youthful party entered gilding the massive silver on the table bringing out a smile from the faces of the dark portraits on the darker panels of the wall, and kissing the fair brows and rosy cheeks of the in r omable, but any one might see the little clouds damsels who took their places at the early tea. and dimples, the waves and shadows which closed over its surface. Delisle Delorme was a she sat with her back to the mullioned windo v, eager, bright eyes asking questions silently!—

my title—to be a healthy ed the question; and along with it the maddening sheep on yonder hills."

their weight in gold, which two well-trained | should ever see it. | servants afterward passed to the gayly-chatting | No wonder that, even in his fierce haste to

Delorme's eyes were gray—not blue, as usual subtle in on his little finger, and which had been pre- look, as he watched, between half-closed lids, sented to him by the Sultan of Turkey's own the beautiful young girl dispense hospital-

> The seat at the head of the table had been Barbara's since she was twelve years old—at

Her father had not vet returned from the There was no one at the table more matronly than the sevengraceful folly of the young people ran un- and administered to. checked

The innocent festivity was at its height, when a man-servant entered the room—John, the gray-haired factotum, butler, hall-attendant, and inspector-general of the other servants who approached Mr. Delorme respectfully, begging pardon for disturbing him, but that a messenger who had come up from the station had asked that the telegram might be handed

to Mr. Delorme. At mention of the portentous word "tele haughty young beauty, as she laughed up in his face after sending his ball flying.

gram" all the bright young eyes were turned with absorbing interest upon the receiver of it with absorbing interest upon the receiver of it -all save Barbara's. She was too high-bred, thought the self-assured man, as he frowned or too sensitive by nature, to scan the face of a person opening a letter or message; her eyes rested on the table; and she, alone, failed to see the creeping gray pallor which slowly over-spread the reader's face as his quick glance ran along the strip of paper which he took from its yellow envelope.

At sight of the great change which came over the handsome face of Delisie Delorme, a feeling of chill fear and pity took possession of the merry party; but Barbara sat unaware of the spell, until, pushing his chair back abruptly, he arose to his feet, and said in a voice which she would not have recognized had she not been looking at his ashen lips:

"I am sorry, Miss Rensellaer, to leave these gay friends and you, so abruptly—before—your father's return—but I must get the halfpast-seven train into the city, and I have just six minutes in which to reach the station." 'If there was time, Andrew could bring

round the buggy—" No, there is not time, thank you. John will you find my hat? It may be—perhaps—I shall return here to-morrow. Tell your father so for me, please, Miss Rensellaer, and good-by , all," and almost snatching his hat from the old butler's hand, he hurried out from the pleasant, cheery room, with its wax-lights and its young faces. At the door he just turn ed for a single glance at one of that group of startled faces—Barbara's.

She started forward, saving, hurriedly "I trust you have no very ill news, Mr. De-

"I don't know how bad it is," was all he said ly, and then he darted through the hall, and out into the night, bearing with him the

catch the train, he had paused to throw one backward glance at that happy room and its beautiful young mistress, half-child, half-woman! Perhaps he should never see either of them again.

The frightened faces of the young people had scarcely regained their natural color, when Mr. Rensellaer returned, and was ushered by the butler into the tea-room, where a pair of soft arms and lips awaited to welcome him, to say nothing of hot tea and a spring chicken, fried

delightfully brown. Where's Delorme, eh, young ladies?" asked the cheery old gentleman, as he looked about teen-years-old hostess, and the merriment, the benignly while allowing himself to be petted

> "He received a telegram, papa—only about twenty minutes ago—and wa s obliged to catel the half-past seven train. He must have hur-

> ried immensely to get it."

"Sorry, sorry," murmured the old gentle an. "Was there bad news?" "He did not tell us, papa. But he looked pale and worried. However, he left word for you that he might return here to-morrow.

"I hope it's nothing very bad then, Barbara. Young gentlemen, I trust you will be able to fully make up to the ladies for the loss of De lorme for a single evening—ha, ha! Delightful fellow, though, certainly—been everywhere knows everything. "Knows too much," muttered a certain

sharp young lawyer, who, being desperately in love with Barbara himself, continually wince under the very palpable encouragement which her father gave to his rival. No one heard this muttered innuendo, nor did

any but the girl herself hear her parent as he ontinued, in her ear:

Barbara, I must have a little private talk with you this evening. Set your guests to amusing themselves and then come to me, in my office, for a few minutes, will you?"

Mr. Rensellaer's office was a small room back of the library—in former days, when books were fewer, it had been the library—and it was through the diamond panes of this quaint, old-fashioned room, with its bow-window, that Washington had once looked. Here the owner of this large estate now transacted the business of the place. It seemed to Barbara that it must something vastly grave and important which her father chose to say to her in this severe lit tle room, with its leather furniture and its high desk. However, as soon as her company was well disposed of, some walking on the moonlit piazza—the moon had but just risen—some trifling at the piano, and one pair flirting over a book of prints, she glided through the lofty library y into the smaller room, where her father sat in the deep, straight-backed arm-chair waiting for her, and lost in a reverie. Barbara drew a quaint little cricket to his feet, sat down on it folded her dimpled hands over his knee, and looked up expectantly. Never a lovelier face was lifted to a father's smile than hers at that moment—so arch, so piquant, with the dark brows raised a little, expressing curiosity, the her strong character subdued and sleeping. The old gentleman put his hand fondly on the wavy

"Mr. Delorme and I had a conversation this morning before I went to town. What do you suppose it was about?"

"The currency, perhaps. You are always talking about the currency, papa, you know," was the sly answer, but the rich blood rushed into Barbara's cheeks and out again, leaving

"Wrong, this time, my daughter. We were talking about something almost equally inter-esting—about you, Barbara, as you very well know, only you are not inclined to help me say it! Mr. Delorme asked leave to pay his addresses to my daughter "—he paused, trying to read her face, but a baffling expression had come over it and she medelor medelor." come over it, and she made no remark. told him that I had no objection to his trying his luck. Was that right, Barba?"

"I suppose it was right on your part, papa; but I am sorry.

"Why? I have imagined that you liked Mr. Delorme.

"Whether I like him or not, I shall never marry him—if that is what he wants me to do." One of your obstinate fits, Barba? If so, I must warn him to wait until you have changed your mind.

"No, papa, not a naughty fit this time, but a settled determination, made on good grounds." "Bless me, child! how wise and serious you are growing. State some of these 'grounds,'

"He is a stranger, papa; there is something about him which strikes me as not quite sincere—and, anyhow, I do not like Englishmen, and he is one"—she spoke rapidly in a low, troubled voice, as not liking to have to give

"He is far from a stranger, Barbara; I have seen his letters of credit and recommendation yes, met and conversed with personal friends of his from England, who are themselves above suspicion, and who vouch for his respectability. As to his sincerity, I flatter myself I have had As to his sincertoy, I have any and I some experience with human nature, and I deem him to be one of the most ardent, sincere young men I have ever met. As to his being an Englishman—psha! are they not our broan Englishman—psna! are they not our bro-thers?—and Delorme, certainly, is completely Americanized. I esteem his attentions to you creditable and flattering, Barba; for, proud as we are of our name, independent in fortune and position, this lover of yours, Delisle Delorme, bears an older, prouder name, inherits far vaster estates, and is in every other way worthy of my daughter, high as she holds her haughty little head. Barbara, I will whisper is of a noble family, with but one person—and that person an epileptic, whose mind is rapidly failing under his bodily affliction—between him and an earldom! At present he remains in this country, concealing his name, claims and expectations, for good reasons, which he has confided to me. Rest assured that it is for no fault of his own that he seeks retirement—even isguise. It is an act of self-denial on his part performed solely in the interests of another He has made everything plain to me; and the person her father thinks worthy of Barba's companionship, she shall be able to take on Delisle Delorme is a sort of martyr, my dear, who has my sympathy. It would please me greatly if you could take a fancy to him." He added, suddenly, after watching his daugh-

ter's pale face a few moments: I am worried at his having received a message this evening. I trust there is no more ill-luck in store for him—that he will return here o-morrow. And I hope, when he does return, that you, Barbara, will be kind to him.

Her head drooped; she remained silent: after ome time she quickly kissed her father and sprung from the room, as if to escape the necessity for giving him any further answer,

CHAPTER II.

A MANEUVERING MOTHER. "Он, I am so tired—so tired!"

A young man sat in an oriel window which verlooked one of the fairest bits of scenery in England. Immediately beneath the window was a "smooth-shaven lawn," in the midst of whose velvet greenery were set beds of flaming bloom - verbenas, carnations, and monthly roses. A fountain threw up a silver shower not far away; snowy statues revealed glimpses of their classic beauty from many a nook; beyond the lawn a fine old grove parted to show a sheet of lovely water, and beyond that were wooded hills, a dark purple-blue against a paleblue sky. Repose and beauty everywhereeverywhere the culture, the perfection which betrays the lavish use of money as well as of The room in which the young man sat was a large and lofty chamber, on one side of which opened his bed and dressing-rooms. It was furnished with every conceivable luxury; and the walls and ceilings were an endless study of exquisite painting. A large and comfortable couch of crimson velvet was drawn up to one ide of the window, and at the upper end of this the young man was sitting, or rather lounging, and looking listlessly off over at the purple hills and steel-blue water.

He was all alone in the room at that moment; the book he had been reading had fallen from his hand; an easel, with a landscape partly outlined on its canvas, stood not far away

'I am so tired!" he murmured, despondently, while tears stood in his great black eyes. 'I would give all I have to give-my fortune my title—to be a healthy shepherd boy, tend-

Yet to look at him you would have seen no evidence of ill-health, beyond a creamy paleness of the smooth, dark skin. He was singularly handsome; with dark hair and eyes, delicate, high-bred features, a graceful figure, feet and hands as small as a lady's. Nor was there the eligible of the state of th there the slightest deformity, nor any apparent disease. His slight air of languor looked more like the affected indolence of young men of his class than any proof of debility.

This was the young Earl of Dunleath, twenty-six, but looking not more than twentytwo years of age, with one of the longest rent rolls in the kingdom—with palaces in London and castles in England and Scotland—with miles upon miles of forests and moors for hunting, with lakes for boating and fishing -with power to do as he pleased with his large possessions—with youth, good looks warm feelings—everything earth can bestow on a favorite son, except one thing—health. It was the story of Tantalus over again in a sad, sad shape. Whenever he reached out his hand to enjoy his

possessions the curse fell on him.
"My poor boy! My poor Herbert! Cheer up. I have found an amusement for you, now, I am quite certain. The hours shall no longer drag which we spend at Dunleath-they shall fly, softly and happily."

The speaker, who came lightly into the apartment in time to hear the dreary words of her son, was a splendid-appearing woman, of tall and commanding figure, snow-white hair, and eyes large, dark and bright as her boy's. The look she gave him betrayed the infinite love, the infinite compassion of a mother for the child who is unfortunate.

Sitting beside him she ran her shapely, jew eled fingers through his rippling, purple-black

I have invited a young lady to the castle, Herbert; and she arrived, with her father, just before luncheon. She is taking a rest in her room, now; when she is dressed for dinner I shall bring her in to see you."
"But you know I detest visitors, mother-

young ladies of all others! You promised me

we should be quiet here."
"So we shall -so we shall, dear," patting and caressing his hand while she spoke. "This one is really no more than a little girl—quite a child. You will not feel with her as you would with a young lady out in society. She has seen very little of the world—is artless and full of spirit—and only a little over sixteen I have asked her here for a few weeks, Her bert, in the hope and belief that you will like her and find her entertaining

"Well, mother, I should have preferred to be left alone. What is her name, and who is she, since the deed is done?" It is Lady Alice Ross. You remember

"Oh, very well. I did not know he had a

daughter. He has—and she is a sweet little creature Poor thing! she has only her title. You can have no idea, Herbert, to what straits Lord Ross is reduced. You know his son ruined him—the estates were small at the best—by betting at the Derby and high play, and, when nothing more was to be got out of his father, ran away to the United States and ended by cutting his throat in a hotel there. I believe the family jewels have been sacrificed to the support of the family since. Fortunately there is only Lord Ross and this one daughter. How they get along we can only surmise. do not believe the poor little thing will have anything better than a wash-muslin in which to come down to dinner. So, you see it is an absolute kindness to ask her here for a few weeks. I can be very motherly to her-and perhaps, manage to replenish her wardrobe without her knowing but what her father paid

"It's all very well, mother, if she doesn't bore "Well, well, if she does I will keep her out

of your way. But I expect her to prove a nice companion for you, darling."

"I am not a baby, mother, to be amused by another little child.

"I know that, Herbert, but a bright, health; laughing young girl, without any airs or arti-

fices, will do you good.' "No, she will not. She will only annoy

me, mother. If I could go off on a hunting expedition, now, to Scotland-that would

amuse me," querulously.
"You shall go, darling. I have been talking with Jackson about it. He is certain it can be managed. He will go along, of course, and have charge of you. But it will not be the season for two months yet. Meantime you must amuse yourself some other way. Promise me, my dear, that you will not fly out in any tempers before Lady Alice. She is such a timid child, you would frighten her."

"Perhaps it would amuse me to frighten her," answered the earl, with a curious laugh

in his large eyes. "Now, Herbert, be good," said his lady-mother, coaxing him as she would a very small "In about half an hour I shall bring Lady Alice to see you. I must go now to make my own toilet. Do you think you will come down to dinner?"

'Yes. I think so.' "Good-by, till I come again."

The haughty countess kissed her son again before she swept out of his apartment to make

a grand toilet in her own. Haughty and reserved toward the worldperhaps the more so that she had to hide as well as possible the traces of a twenty years' heartache—the stately lady was neither cold nor reticent to her unhappy son—her only child—sole heir of all the splendors of Dunleath, on whose frail shoulders had fallen the weight of her husband's mantle, too magnificent to be worn by one so cursed of Fate.

Of a high, ambitious nature, her hopes of her son had received a terrible shock. Not only was it impossible for him to claim his seat in parliament among his peers, but it be gan to grow very possible and probable that the young earl would die without having married and left an heir. In that case the noble title and estates would pass to a cousin of his whom the countess had no reason to love Rather than see that man step into her boy's place it seemed to the prejudiced and bitterly repining woman that she would do anything-

suffer anything. Every year brought Herbert nearer to the edge of the early grave which awaited him. He did not seem to care to marry-even if any of the high-born and lovely girls in his own rank of life would have accepted his hand, which was doubtful. The countess fully realized how things were going, and resolved, in her desperation, to save the title and estates, if she could not save her son. The physicians had assured her that he would never live to see his thirtieth birthday. In the short time remaining to him he must marry and have as

Delorme Dunleath, the man she hated, should never be the Earl of Dunleath! He would be disappointed of that expectation! Wretched solace to a mother's aching heart! yet, such as

it was, it was her only comfort.

This visit of Lord Ross and his daughter thinking on her part. Lord Ross was poor enough to accept a bribe—to sell his child. Lady Alice was young enough to be made a victim. There was the result of her cogitations in a nut-shell.

In less than an hour the countess returned to her son's apartment. She had Lady Alice with her; but, before she would admit her, she econnoitered, to see that all was in fair order; for it was not always that the earl was in a fit state to receive company. It was the sunset hour; the large room was full of a golden light; the young earl was leaning in an embrasure of

The proud countess took the timid young girl by the hand and led her in.

'Herbert, my son, this is Lady Alice

The mother saw, with pleasure, that Herbert was looking his best; and, what was more, that his fine eyes kindled as they rested on the maiden by her side—kindled with surprise, admiration, and a sudden light of life which she had not seen in them for a long time.

Lady Alice was very simply dressed—in a wash-muslin, as the countess had inferred with only a string of pearls about her whiter neck, and a rose in her hair; and her manners were as girlish as her dress. Yet she seemed to have brought all that glory into the room. She had such a sweet smile, such dove-like, soft brown eyes, such a lovely face! Her hair rip pled along her low, fair forehead, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She looked the shadow and gold in the sun." at the young earl with a troubled, sweet, sympathetic look, that melted into a merry smile, as she said, archly:

"I thought I was to be introduced to an invalid.

"Oh, I am not always ill. A good part of the time I am as well as any one," answered the earl, quickly. "My mother did not tell you what was the matter with me, Lady Alce?" with a jealous, vexed intonation, which the countess understood

"Oh, no. She said that you were not strong, and were confined to your room more than

That is true. I hope you will take pity on me, and help me to while away some of the te-

This, said with ardor, would have been art or affectation with most young ladies; but the sincere air of Lady Alice thrilled the weary oul of the invalid with keen delight. He sat ooking at her, not endeavoring to suppress the dmiration he felt; looking at her sunny hair, into her brown eyes, and even at the soft folds of her white muslin falling about her slender

Lady Alice was so sorry for him! She was soo artless to hide her innocent interest; though, truly, she could not discover in the nandsome young earl any traces of illness. So they chatted a few moments; and then a servant knocked to say that dinner waited to be served, and to ask if his master, the earl, would come down or dine in his apartments. "I will come down, Sims, 'said his young

He attempted to rise; but Lady Alice, who vas looking at him smilingly, saw a slight witching of the muscles of his face.

"My dear child, we will leave Herbert to ome when he chooses"—the countess spoke in an altered tone, almost clutching Lady Alice by the arm and hurrying her across the floor and out into the corridor. "The earl is ner yous to-night," she added, apologetically, when they were out of his apartment, "and I think t best he should remain where he is. Wait ne moment, and I will tell him so." She darted back into the room, closing the

loor after her. In less than a minute she came out, saying,

Now, if you please, I am ready.

The dim light of the corridor hid her paleness from her young companion, who went gay-ly by her side to the sumptuous dinner, with in appetite unspoiled—she had not seen the Earl of Dunleath rolling on the floor, with lenched hands, staring eyes and pale lips wet with foam—she had not seen youth, beauty and strength in the agonizing spasms of epi-

Nor did the countess intend the young girl

WHO WAS SHE? In one of the private parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a lady awaited impatiently the coming of the one for whom she had sent, and who could not possibly arrive, by the closest calculation, before half-past nine. It was neary that now, as she ascertained, by consulting or the fiftieth time the tiny watch, glistening with jewels, which she drew from her belt.

This lady had arrived from a Liverpool steamer that afternoon, and had registered on the books as Mrs. Courtenay, London, England. Good luck had attended her in the first hour of ner visit to a strange land; a curious accident had prevented a long, weary, perhaps useles search, and placed in her hand the fact of which she was in search. As she had stood a few min-utes in the rotunda of the hotel, giving to a clerk some directions about baggage, rooms, and so forth, two young swells standing near, conersing together, had caught her quick ear by the mention of a name.

'So, Delisle Delorme is still out at Bellevue, is he?—I don't wonder that he lingers in that delightful retreat! never was a lovelier girl or a greater 'catch' than old Rensellaer's daugh-

er. Have you ever met her, Chawles?"
Mrs. Courtenay immediately turned to the

wo young gentlemen. 'Pardon me a thousand times, gentlemen, but I hear you mention the name of a friend of mine, Mr. Delorme, whose address I have unortunately lost. I am Mrs. Courtenay, of No. 000 Terrace Row, Belgravia, London - an inimate friend of Mr. Delisle Delorme's. May I ask you to do me the great favor to write down his present address for me?" and when she retired to her rooms for a little rest and seclusion after the fatigue of the sea voyage, she had a from the telegraph office in the hotel, previousv to taking her bath and ordering a dinner to her parlor at seven, hardly contained anything on the surface which need have so disturbed its on her, then, and crushed her, he would have recipient, and sent him off, at night, to the city been tempted to do it. n hot haste, despite the fascination of Barbara nsellaer, which would fain have held him at

Bellevue; it was simply this: Mrs. Courtenay has arrived from London and will be pleased to receive a call from Mr. Delorme at his convenience.

Yet the lady must have known the power of which the countess had so artfully announced to Herbert, was the result of long and hard not then have been watching with such restlessness for his arrival-sitting, rising, walking

about, looking every minute at her watch.

She was a woman who, at first glance, was enerally mistaken to be twenty-six or eight ears of age; but who, on closer inspection, was espected of being several years older-perhaps ven thirty-five, in those unguarded moments when the youthful smile had given place to lines

of care or weariness. She was very pretty, with a certain made-up kind of prettiness. She had a slight figure; a very small waist, hands and feet; plenty of authe young earl was leaning in an embrasare of the window, gazing, with a rapt, melancholy air, at the broken column of gold which was flung across the lake, visible between vistas of flung across the lake, visible between vistas of the state of the sta ourn hair, with a golden tinge which redeemed those hundred tricks of eyes, voice and manner which please and attract men-at least, at first

> The tiny hands of her watch marked precise ly half-past nine when a knock sounded on the door. For a brief instant she pressed her hand to her heart before calling out in a clear, sweet voice, free from any tremor, "Entrez."

'Vivian!"

"Delorme!" That was all either said at first. They stood ooking at each other, both pale—she beseech-At length she made a motion as if to throw

erself about his neck; he waved her off. You swore not to follow me," he said.

"I know it. I kept my word as long as I ould. Only think, I kept it two years, De-"A long while, truly, for you to keep faith,

"I hoped you had grown kinder by this time,

Delorme -that you had forgiven me, and-per aps -would take me back.

"You hoped nothing of the kind, Vivian.
Tou could not expect it! You know that there not a viper which crawls on the surface of he earth the sight of which could be as hate ful to me as the sight of your face. When this life and the next come to an end, then, and not till then, will I forgive you."

"Oh, Heaven! how hard you are, Delorme. Unnatural! Surely, my crime was not so great! Women have done far worse things than deceive as I deceived you. There are more shameful deceptions than that! And I did it because I was so fond of you, Delorme,

"If the countess allows it I shall only be too "So fond of me that you cursed my boyish life with a deadly weight which dragged it down-down; and from which even my mangood cannot entirely free itself. That was kindess-that was fondness of the devil's own kind!

"I did not mean it to hurt you; you know that. I thought only of myself—of my lo—"
"Hush! Do you suppose I care to listen to
the old rigmarole? I dare say you are out of money, and have come for a fresh supply. You have extravagant habits, madam. A sudden red light leaped out of her hazel

eyes, drying the tears in them; she lifted her drooping head and looked him full in the face, nor blanched before his stormy frown; slowly she drew a pocket-book from her dress, holding

"In this book you will find all the money ou gave me two years ago-every pound of t-two thousand pounds in all. Delorme, if ou need money, take it-I shall never use it. No, it was not for this trash I sought you out it was for something which I will have, unless you treat me more like a human being, De

What?" "Revenge."

She spoke the ugly word very dryly, and in a ow voice. It did not sound very badly, as she aid it; yet, therefore, it may have meant the nore and been the more dangerous.

Men are apt to "smile superior" when wonen speak such words; Delisle Delorme did so

Yet his heart sunk dully down, despite his sneering smile. The fragile woman before him certainly had it in her power to do him deep and terrible injury—had, in years past, done him such injury, and had still the strength left to inflict harassing wounds. He had depended on her will not to hurt him—had believed her feeling toward him-her proposed remorsewould rather urge her to aid than to injure him; yet here she confounded him, threatening

"Oh, you smile," she said, coldly and bitter-

prevent it, until she saw it as the wife of the unhappy sufferer!

CHAPTER III.

ly.

"I do not feel like smiling," he answered, now calmly, forcing himself to adopt a softer tone toward her; "I feel unhappy to see you Vivian to feel that you will never do, ere, Vivian—to feel that you will never do for long, what you promised—let me alone. And I pity you. I pity a woman who is capable, after inflicting such wrong as you did on me, of talking of revenge. It is I who should prate about revenge! Yet, did I ever repay your crime with anything like revenge, Vivian?

"No—and yes. You have not struck, beat-en me or starved me; but you have punished me with refinement of cruelty which has inflicted worse than physical torture. That is done with! I feel anew, and that I once more meet your eye and hear your voice, that I need never hope for different

"Never! you say well. How could you ex-

pect it?" "Different treatment from you. The trodden worm will turn to sting the foot of its tor-If I yet learn, after all these years to hate you, Delorme, it will be your fault. You are not married yet, I infer?" she sudden ly added, with a change of manner.
"Married!" he echoed, bitterly, and as if sur-

prised. "I overheard some gentlemen in this hotel speaking of you. They were saying that you vere paying attention to a beautiful young lady at the place where I telegraphed you. I have the address here in my book."

The reddish-brown eyes watched his countenance as she said this; Delorme made a great effort to keep his color and affect his indifference; but he was sensible that he flushed and paled under the vigilant eyes of his lady companion. Something like an oath struggled to his lips, but he kept them closed.

That she should have gained a knowledge of

his whereabouts, the very day she set foot in card on which was written the address which a marvelous good fortune had thrown into her an inkling of his most secret purposes—to know The message which she had dispatched just where to go and what to do to annoy, injure, destroy him most effectually—this, indeed, was beyond mere aggravation. If she had been a worm and he could have set foot

> Several moments of silence followed. Then she added, as softly as a cat purrs:

"I do not blame you for that, Delorme, I expected it long ago. Only I think it would only be fair to the young lady to tell her everything. You will do that, I suppose?"

his rough answer. "Sit down, Delorme," pushing a chair toward him. "Have you no questions to ask about England and people you know there?" "I do not care to compromise myself by call-

ing on you too late in the evening, Vivian. What more have you to say? I can spend only a few minutes longer here to-night.'

to you, though. There was a quiver of emotion in the man's they gave me my nickname. I'm on it, tooice as he replied:

"You know that I never forget him, night or day. But I do not care to talk with you about him. How is he getting along?" "Splendidly. He is with the Reverend Mr. Brown now, and has lessons regularly. Brown says the boy has unusual talent."
"He is as well placed as possible, then.

am glad he is in good hands—a man's hands. Is there anything particular you care to say to laughed again. me to-night, madam?

stranger, of whom he wished to rid himelf as smoothly as possible. The passion nature of the woman raged under this treat-ment; she stood silent, her breast heaving, her hazel eyes almost seeming to emit sparks

"If you have nothing to say to me, I have nothing to say to you, Delorme. Why did you come all the way here—leaving your beautiful

young lady—in response to my telegram?
"To give you money, if you needed it." "And because you were afraid of me. You thought best to ascertain my temper to-

"No I am done with that business." weari-"done with studying your tempers, Vivian. You must act now as God, or the devil, gives ou grace. I shall neither coax nor threaten. ersecute me to the full of your will if that your purpose. And good-night. I cannot

With a slight bow, he was gone. Courtenay looked at the door which had shut between them, as if she could hardly be lieve that it would re-open. Delorme, retiring in this dignified manner, without threats or olicitations, had taken the surest way to disarm her boiling anger.

'Oh!" she cried, with a sort of dry sob, throwing herself into a chair with a gesture of "He can do with me as he pleases. be. despair. He is the same as ever. When I am away from him I want to kill him-in his presence I

can only be his slave.

"But he shall not put down my purpose with his grand airs. I came here to prevent his marrying, and I will prevent it. So long as he was satisfied with a free life I was satisfied to let him have his way. But now!—I must see this young heiress—this lovely American girl-at least, at a distance.

"He will come back to-morrow and try to persuade me to go back without saying anything-without trying to see her-I will play with him-make him fawn-beg! For, haughty

as he is, he is surely in my power." This was the only thought out of which the poor creature could get any satisfaction-"he is in my power." Over that, such as it was, she made an effort to exult. But the pleasure to be got out of such a thought is a wretched sort of pleasure. She grew more pale and haggard as she sat there, with clenched hands, thinking; and, as her restless fancies wrought their work with her features, she grew old under their touch—a careworn, faded, passe wo-

It was a full hour before she aroused herself; then, her eyes falling on the pocket-book con-taining the two thousand pounds—which she liquor he swallowed it, then slipped into a vahad let fall on the floor during her intervie with Delorme—she picked it up, rung for the clerk, and gave her money and jewelry to him marked the new-comers.

to be locked in the safe Two thousand pounds in drafts, a purse conportance of the lady

(To be continued.)

#### ENCHANTMENT.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

The clouds upon the mountain top Are very fair, I wist; But when we reach the summit, Are naught but vapor and mist.

The sail upon the ocean
Is very fair to see;
But when it comes in harbor,
Is not so fair to thee.

Oh! Distance, thou art wondrous; Thou hast a magic charm To make the mountain summits And the ocean bright and warm.

Oh! cloud, be always lovely! Sail, be forever bright!

Sail, be forever bright!
But come not into harbor—
Oh! come not from your hight!

## Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER:

The Pirates of the Placers. A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT WITH THE TIGER.

THERE was murder in the boy miner's heart as he sprung toward the couple who had so rudely shattered his brief dream of love. There was no room for doubt. Night though it was, the nearly full moon shone down upon the scene with sufficient brilliancy to reveal that lithe, graceful form—so lately reclining upon his breast- now yielding to the caresses of another. Her face was cast into the light he knew that it was none other than Mary Morton. The second figure he did not note so distinctly, since a broad-brimmed felt hat cast his face into the shadow; he saw a tall, wellbuilt figure—nothing more.

At his cry they vanished like magic, nor could he find trace of either as he madly rushed to and fro. Had he been less excited, the case | trolling his anger with a strong effort. might have been different; but when the thought of intercepting Mary by watching the house struck him, it was too late.

Then the reaction came. Stunned, dazed, stupefied by his terrible awakening, Little Volcano groped his way to the rude cabin where he and Zimri Coon made their headquarters. The old man started to his feet as the boy miner entered, and for a moment he feared the worst as the young man sunk upon the bunk.

"Gi' me a drink—quick—I'm choking!" said Little Volcano, in a hoarse, strained voice, then

"What are you talking about, madam?" was eagerly clutching the proffered flask of whisky,

he drained its contents at one gulp.

Old Zimri stared in open-mouthed amazement. Never since their acquaintance began had he known the boy miner to do more than moisten his lips with liquor, until now.

"Never you mind, old boy," cried Little Volcano, tossing the empty flask aside, with a tew minutes longer here to-night."

disagreeable laugh. "Every dog must have its day, and this is mine. You've only seen me Little Walter sent his love and a kiss in my Sunday-school dress-but if you follow my lead to-night, maybe youll find out why

> Coon could not help seeing that something strange had occurred to thus excite his young friend, but pretended not to notice it, save by falling in with his humor, the better to get control of him. But Little Volcano—on whom the heavy draught of liquor had produced no other effect than to make his eyes brighter and his voice sharper and his wits the keener-

"That's played, old man. I'm no blessed His air was polite, but repelling, as to a baby—nor are you my nurse. I've played ranger, of whom he wished to rid him-lf as smoothly as possible. The passionate the devil a benefit or bu'st something. You can come along, too, if you feel like having some fun. We'll take in Long Tom's first—"

"Think better on it, boy—do, now," earnestly entreated Zimri. "You ain't well—I kin see it in your eyes. Jest lay down an' take a

"Drop it, old man-you might as well save your breath. I know the whole story—that there are a dozen fellows likely to be there who'd like nothing better than to stick a bit o' steel under my hump ribs—and I feel just like giving 'em the chance, too. But—there. I make you my heir—stow that bit of paper

away some place—then come on. Zimri Coon carefully seeured the precious chart in his bosom, then followed Little Volcano in silence, realizing how vain would be any further words. He felt a premonition of oming evil. He knew that the boy miner had made many enemies, and felt sure that, in his present condition, he would only too surely rive them the opening they watched for. He had learned to love the boy, brief as had been their acquaintance, and now he followed him, doggedly enough, but with a quiet determina-tion to keep at his elbow through thick and thin-to guard him with his own life, if need

Long Tom's gambling rooms were free to all. There were no closed doors, no vigilant porters, no secret passwords. Everybody gambled in those days. A professional gambler was regarded as a respectable member of so-ciety, unless he was detected in some foul play

-running a brace game of faro, or the like.

There was little attempt at "putting on at Long Tom's. The building was composed of rough slabs, forming one large square room fitted up with two faro lay-outs, one table for monte, another occupied by a roulette wheel, while the center of the room afforded room for several tables sacred to the votaries of poker. Each table was furnished with decanters of whisky, from which those who chose helped themselves without charge. The only attempt at ornament visible was a large wooden chandelier, suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room, supporting a dozen oil lamps. This was a light and really beautiful piece of carving—the work of a grateful bummer whom Long Tom had picked from the gut-

ter and set upon his legs again. Little Volcano entered and glanced around the room. Long Tom in person was dealing at one of the fare tables, and toward this one the

Sleepy George also noticed them, and his eyes filled with a dull glow meaning evil to taining two hundred guineas in gold, jewelry to the two friends. He muttered a few words to the value of so many more guineas, was what she gave into the clerk's care; and he, of course, the crowd, whispering some short instructions as correspondingly impressed with the im- to five or six fellows. No one seemed to notice these movements; those who were not playing having eyes only for the game of

The gathering around the table where Long Tom was dealing soon doubled that of any other. And close beside Little Volcano and Zimri Coon were the men who seemed to be acting under Sleepy George's orders. If Long Tom divined what was going on his stony face gave no evidence of it. His entire attention

eemed given to his dealing.

The boy miner had a fair knowledge of the game and its rules, and played boldly, though in good judgment. The liquor he drank appeared only to steady his nerves and cool the fever in his blood. Zimri chuckled silently as he saw this, and saw that instead of growing excited and drunken, each glass of liquor only seemed to increase the lad's judgment and "luck." Stake after stake was won, each succeeding one of larger amount, until a huge pile of red and blue chips lay before the young gambler. The majority of the miners dropped out of the game, finding excitement enough in the scene alone. Still three or four kept betting, though in small amounts. One of these the young man first spoken to by Sleepy George -followed Little Volcano's lead, beting as he bet, and his reasons for doing so soon ecame apparent

For several turns there was no bet decided. Then the queen turned up against the bank. Upon this card Little Volcano had placed a stack of red chips. To these Long Tom added the amount won, when, before Little Volcano could touch them, they were drawn in by the young man already spoken of. "One moment, if you please, dealer," quiet-"There is a little ly spoke the boy miner.

mistake here to rectify." "I have seen no mistake," coldly replied Long Tom, slipping a card from his case. "I pay each bet as I lose, or rake down those I win. Do you accuse me of cheating?"

"No, sir; so far as I know you deal a perfectly square game. I was allud ng to a gentleman on my right, who mistook my bet on the queen for his, and drew down the stake to which I alone am entitled."

"If you mean me, young fellow," sharply interposed the gambler; "just let me tell you you're trying your dodges on the wrong man. The bet on the queen was mine—as I can prove by the crowd.

'Very well; I'll leave it to them. Gentlemen, will you decide? Did he or I place those chips upon the queen?" said Little Volcano, con-

"You did."

"Laughing Dick did!"
The different answers were given by a dozen roices, and for a few minutes the matter bade fair to break up in a general row as each party elenched their assertions with sounding oaths But the prompt action of Long Tom quelled the storm, as he had done many another. Standing up on his chair, a cocked revolver in either hand, he cried out in a sharp, clear

"Order, gentlemen-order! I am running

this outfit, and intend to run it decently just as long as I can pull trigger or hold a tooth-pick. If there is any dispute go outside and settle it like gentlemen should—but I'll not have any pulling hair or scratching faces in

"If Mr. Laughing Dick is agreeable I'll step outside and argue the matter with him," coolly said Little Volcano, as he pushed his checks er to be cashed.

But evidently this wasn't just what Sleepy George was after. He pulled Laughing Dick aside, and when the boy miner passed to the door the gambler was non est.

The miners who had sided with Little Volcano set up a wild yell at this, and nothing would do but they must go back and celebrate the bloodless victory of their little bantam in a drink of whisky. Zimri Coon in vain tried to draw Little Volcano away with him.

"No—that dog in yonder lied to me. He knew well enough the bet was mine. I'm going to bu'st his bank, or leave what I won.

"Not "ithout you, little 'un," quietly interrupted Coon. "I said I'd see you through, an' so I will.

Returning to his seat Little Volcano recommenced his game, and if he played heavily before he doubled the stakes now. Even the steel-like nerves of Long Tom, veteran gambler as he was, seemed a little unstrung as bet after bet was won by the boy miner. Only he and one other was playing—a bushy-bearded man in a long cloak, who also bet with a cool nerve. At first the game ran steadily in Little Volcano's favor; then it began to fluctuate. Zimri privately whispered to his partner that he suspected foul play, but if so it was so adroitly managed that even his keen, welltrained eyes could not detect it

It was the last turn of the cards. Little Volcano placed his stake upon the nine spot. At the same time a bag of dust was dropped upon The card was drawn—the nine won And, as before, a hand forstalled Little Vol-But it remained upon the pile. Quick as a flash a bowie-knife was driven through flesh and bone, sinking deep into the table, and Sleepy George gave a howl of mingled pain

Two knives were leveled at the young man's back. Zimri warded off one blow. The cloaked stranger knocked the second assassin down, but as he fell he tore off the bushy beard, revealing a dark, handsome face only too well

known to many present.
"Joaquin—Joaquin! Shoot him—kill him! a shrill laugh the outlaw flung his chair at the chandelier, instantly destroying the lights. Little Volcano sprung up, only sink back again, stricken down by a foul blow

#### CHAPTER XVI.

ZIMRI COON'S PHILOSOPHY.

"LORD! what's the use? Not a dog-gone bit! Ef a feller's lucky, he'll git jest so high—then he'll come to a greasy spot which 'll make 'im slip clean down ag'in; or ef he holds on tight, some onluckier cuss at the bottom 'll grup his coat-tails an' haul 'im down to his own levelor bu'st somethin'. Ef luck comes an' squats right down in a feller's lap, ten to one he'll git mad 'cause she don't pay out fast enough, an' like a pesky durn fool, he'll keep foolin' 'round ontel he turns her bottom side up, or she gits mad an' gives 'im the dirty shake, kickin' the blame fool furder down then he ever was afore easy, boy—kinder easy, thar!
"Thar's a case in peint. Take the boy. He

gits on a bu'st. He goes to buckin' ag'in' faro. That's all right. I do it myself oncet in a while, But he-sech luck! 'Twas like his dealin' jest to suit hisself. That was whar the luck come in-plum, fust-class stud-hoss luck! Then was the fuss, which giv' him a good ixcuse to draw out, some thousan's ahead. Ef he'd quit then—but no—back he goes ag'in, an' what comes on it? Jest pizen bad luck-nothin shorter. He gits knocked on the head, loses every durn cent, an' would 'a' lost more, only I manidged to drag 'im out an' tote him here on I don't reckon thar'd be many folks a-livin' now ers—got a dig in the hump, too-

A faint moan came from the lips of Little Volcano, and the old man's soliloquy ceased as he bent anxiously over his patient. As he said. the boy miner had received a severe blow upon the head, with some blunt instrument, during the confusion which followed Joaquin's bold ac It was plain that Sleepy George's friends had done their best to carry out his plans. The lad's shirt pocket was gone —torn or cut off, and with it his note-book, in which the thief probably hoped to find the chart. At the expense of sh-wound, Zimri Coon had carried his senseless friend out from the struggling crowd and over the hill to a secure covert, expecting search would be made as soon as the thieves found out their mistake.

Little Volcano sat up and stared around him. In the faint light of the moon he did not at first recognize Coon.

'Praize the Lord! little 'un—'tain't as bad as I begun to think. You skeered me—yas, I was bad skeered, an' I don't shame to own it. You lay so like a stuck hog-

"My head hurts," muttered Little Volca-no, wincing, as his hand touched the bleeding

"That's most gen'ally the case when a feller gits the hull gable eend knocked off o' him. You got a pizen nasty clout—it sorter glanced, or you'd bin cold meat afore now. They ain't no bones broke, I'm pritty sure. You'll be all right in the mornin', 'less 'tis fer a headache. Take off your han'kerchief—so. 'Tain't the fust broken pate I've hed the doctorin' of. They ain't no water here—whisky's too skearce—so cain't wash you up mighty nice. But then I don't reckon you want to go courtin'-eh? did

I hurt ve, little 'un?" he asked, as Little Volca-"No-tell me all about it."

But he did hurt-not the wound upon the Those chance words brought back all the black despair and bitter pain of the past evening, until, young and full of life as he was, the boy miner asked himself whether it would not have been better had he died where he fell beneath that treacherous stroke.

"They mean business, chuck up," added mri. "That's why I brung you here 'stead takin' you to the shanty. Ef we 'spect to o' takin' you to the shanty. ever git any good out o' this bit o' paper, we hain't got no time to fool 'round here. Things is gittin' kinder onhealthy. That Sleepy George
—durned fool me that I didn't let the grizzly chaw 'im up! He must 'a' hearn the hull yarn, an' he's bin tellin' a part on it to suit hisself. They's bin right smart talk 'bout you an' Joaquin's gang; they'll be more a'ter this nightfer he tuck your part back thar. 'Pears to me like we'd better be lookin' up some other stamp-

in ground." T've done nothing wrong-I'll not snake away from their suspicions as though I were a of the gambler's. There were no windows, no criminal," muttered Little Volcano.

we kin do it, easy-s'pose we wait a bit fust. Le's go try fer this pile o' gold. I'm clean bu'sted—an' I hedn't time to rake in your pile afore I puckacheed—"

"Anything—anything. I'll do just as you advise," interrupted Little Volcano, wearily. "Then the fust thing is for you to lay down an' take a snooze. I'll go back to the shanty an' git some things we cain't well do without Don't you stir ontel you hear me comin'. You

won't try to play no tricks on a feller?"
"Never fear, old fellow. When I go back there, I'll take you along to see fair play. There are several persons in town I am in debt -and when I pay up, somebody's going to have a benefit, sure as you're a foot high!

Renewing his caution, Zimri Coon noiselessly lided away, promising soon to return. But his absence was a good deal longer than he an ticipated. Hard Luck was all afoot, lights flashing here and there, men rushing in every direction. The disturbance at Long Tom's had culminated in a free fight; pistols and knives were freely used—two men being killed and a dozen more injured. Added to this the cry that Joaquin was in town quickly spread. members of the vigilance committee-or Man-Hunters, as they may justly be termed—were called together by Sheriff Hayes, and hot search was made for the bold outlaw. As might have been expected, this was fruitless. Murieta had long since left the town, and was then miles away safe upon the back of his noble

From the hillside Zimri Coon saw all this, and it was an hour before he ventured down to his cabin. Once there five minutes sufficed, and, bearing a light pick, shovel and couple of pans, he made the best of his way back to where he had left Little Volcano. He found the boy miner awake, brooding over what had occurred And then, yearning for sympathy, Little Volcano told his old friend the whole truth.

"I knowed it!" muttered Zimri, disgustedly.
"I said so from that fust day—when I fust sot eyes on you two, I sais, sais I—'Thar's the little 'un's everlastin' happiness or his 'tarnal pizen!' I did so! But I knowed what young blood was, an' so I held my hush. I knowed you wouldn't listen to reason then; I knowed , 'ca'se I've bin thar myself! You needn't grin, little 'un. I'm a tough old dornick now tout the time was when I was as young an' soople an' piert an' fit fer to bu'st a young female gal's heart clean to flinders es you be—I was -o./But I got my eyes opened—got laid out flatter'n a feller tryin' to tickle a mule's gable eend. with a jimson burr! 'Twas Meely Smith-'Squire Smith's da'ter. He was the ace of trumps, ye might say, in our part; better off'then the rest o'us, an' put on more style—they did! But Meely-I got stuck on her bad! She soon found it out—was mighty 'r.'ndly when we was alone together. I used to go fer her lips wuss'n a b'ar up a honey tree—an' she stood it like a little man, too. That used to set me red-hot—an' didn't I tease her fer to name the day when we could git hitched? She al'ays brung up the old squire as a ixcuse—he was too high-toned fer the likes o' me to get his da'ter easy. Final'y she 'sented to 'lope with' me—as she called it—but she said we must use strategy. I sca'cely knowed what that meant, but I was so dead gone, I 'lowed whatever she said must be right, so she fixed it all up. I was to dress up as old aunt Sally—a nigger woman they used to own. An' durned ef I didn't do it, too! I put on the duds, blacked up an' all. I was to call at the house fer her, so's to help kerry her bun'les. She met me. was in the house, she said; all the folias was to bed, so thar wouldn't be no danger. I follered her in; she left me in the dark fer a minnit Then she come back with a light. Fust thar was a snicker, then thar was a yell an' a haw-haw! The room was chuck full o' wimmen an' gals all a-snortin'—an' Meely was the wust tickled o' the bunch. I puckacheed. Went right through the winder. Didn't stop to say good-

"That was my fust an' last 'tempt at cour tin'. Wimmen is mighty good things—I don't say nothin' ag'inst 'em. Ef 'twasn't fer them, An' sence they're here somebody's got to marr But this is my idee. heap o' fellers in the shape o' men as is so pesky mean an' 'tarnal no-a'count that ef they was run through a rollin' mill an' then spread out fer manure, not even a cuckle-burr or jimson weed would grow 'thin a mile o' the place. Them's jist the kind as is fit fer j'inin' to the

wimmen. That's what natur 'tended 'em fer. How much further the cynical Zimri would have gone, can only be surmised, for he found that Little Volcano had dropped asleep, and so the relapsed into silence lest he should disturb the lad's repose. Fut by the first break of dawn they were up and away. Only pausing once to eat a mouthful of cold corn bread and bacon, they kept on through the day, heading for the gold placer. Little Volcano seemed more like himself, though at times he would sink into gloomy fits from which it took all Zimri's powers of talking to arouse him. And

so the first day and night passed away. They went into camp near the middle of the afternoon, intending to travel the rest of the way by night, lest some curious eyes should divine their purpose

"It'll be safest that way," said Coon. "We'll be missed from our shanty, an' they'll 'spect we've g'in 'em the slip fer the placer. Ef so, they'll try to head us off. Ef I know the place rightly, once let us git thar, an' it 'd take right smart huntin' to smell us out."

The day passed and evening descended. Little Volcano was sleeping. Old Zimri was smok ing his pipe beside the smouldering fire. All at once his head was lifted, his nostrils dilated, his eyes roving swiftly around. A faint sound had come to his ear, and though it was not repeated, he felt almost certain it was a foot-

Gently cocking his rifle, he listened and watched. No further sound came, but his gaze soon became riveted in one direction. From among the many shadows, he singled out one particular one, that seemed to be—ha! It was moving, and coming directly toward them!

#### CHAPTER XVII.

LONG TOM SHOWS HIS HAND.

It was the morning after the row at Long Tom's gambling hell. Hard Luck was still bustling, though gradually subsiding into its usual week-day lethargy. Occasionally a mudbespattered horseman would pace into town; one of the searchers for Joaquin, who had spent his animal's power in an eager, reckless search, if an aimless, ill-guided one.

Long Tom sat alone in his "sanctum"—a small room partitioned off from the card room. There was an ugly look upon his pale face as he sat beneath the yellow rays of the burning lamp, suspended above his head. More nearly resembling a cell than a chamber - this retreat doors, save one small square trap-door at one "No more would I—ef they gits up on thar c, why we'll jest wade in an' clean out the the ceiling of sheet-iron, doubled. Upon the hull dog-gone outfit—we will so ! But—though | wa'lls hung nearly a dozen revolvers, as many strike swift and sure. If you can't wipe out |

bowie-knives, together with enough other weapons to give it the appearance of a small armory. Why all this array? The solution lay in yonder square metal chest—Long Tom's bank. Within that comparatively small compass lay ensconced a fortune—wrung from the hearts of husbandless wives and fatherless children, whose eyes might grow dim with watch ing, hearts sick with uttering never answered prayers—watching and praying for the loved ne whose dear face they were fated to see never again this side the grave. How many joyous plans—how many beautiful air-castles now many broken oaths and forgotten pledges

only permitted to speak! Of the frosty-bearded miner, who would give his "pards" one more "benefit" ere he struck for Fr'isco to sail for home; of many another who had hopes just as bright. And now? A bit of worm-eaten board beside the gold bearng stream; a name rudely scratched upon a huge, moss-grown bowlder; a wayside cross of bark-covered limbs, marking where the despairing suicides rest. An old comrade may give a thought, a few words of remembrance a ne passes by the grave of his dead pard-but who thinks of the dear ones so far away! Most assuredly not he whose hand has wrought all this—Long Tom "played a square game," and there is no weight resting upon his heart-connected with those unfortunates, at least.

could those bits of gold have recalled were they

A trouble there is—though of the present. There is an evil look upon the gambler's facea devil working in his heart. Few would care to call him handsome now. Alone, the mask

is dropped, nor is the revelation a pleasant one. A rapid series of knocks were heard upon the floor of the gambling hall. Long Tom replied, bidding them enter. The little trap-door was lifted, and Sleepy George appeared, bearing one hand in a sling. Behind him came five other men, prominent among them being the tall young man who had claimed Little Volcano's stake—Laughing Dick. Lithe and grace ful in build, there was a rakish, devil-may-care air about him, and, despite the marks of dissipation, he would be considered handsome, almost anywhere. His golden locks, curling upon his shoulders; a heavy blonde moustache drooping over a small, arched and red-lipped mcuth; large blue eyes, though slightly reddened—a careless but graceful dress; Laughing Dick was the beau ideal of a mountain dandy

"The Preacher" was there; tall, slender, with a noble head; but the "trail of the ser pent" marred all: a piteous wreck of what might have been a shining light. The other four-including sleepy George

were rough, scoundrelly-looking reprobates; the scum of the mines—just such willing tools as may be found around all gambling hells-the coyotes of Pasteboard land.

'Spit it out—though your sweet mug has told it all plain enough," snarled Long Tom, refilling his glass.

"They've gone," growled sleepy George wiping his lips with a longing look toward the whisky decanter. "We watched close—didn't see nor hear nothin' ontel day; then we went in. They've left everythin' jest as it lay. I reckon they've tuck to the hills long o' Joa

"I'd give ten thousand dollars to know that they had—and then I'd spend ten times as much but what I'd have the satisfaction of seeing them hung!" hissed the gambler, his eyes glowing like those of a cat in the dark. F you'd only let us stick him, as we wanted

fool I have been-don't speak of that again unless you want to sup brimstone!" snarled Long Tom, with a bitter curse. "What is past is We've only got to deal with the pres

"Maybe i'ts past, but 'tain't forgotten by a jugful," grinned Sleepy George, holding up his maimed hand. "Thar's only one medicine as kin eure this little love token—an' that is washin it in that young devil's heart's blood!"

"The day you do that, Sleepy George, will put five hundred dollars in your pocket," said

Long Tom, with intensity. put in Laughing Dick, with the air of one who

neant all he said 'You shall have a try—that's just what I called you together this morning for. I've done a power of thinking since closing, last night. I think I can trust every one of you. But let me tell you one thing. Just so long as you serve me faithfully, I will do the square thing by you; but at the first crooked step, I swear by my mother's soul I will rub you out though it costs me a hanging the next minute That's business. I tell you now, so you can

count the cost beforehand. "Have we ever acted in such a manner as to deserve these threats, Long Tom?" coldly de-

manded the Preacher. A caution, not a threat - no; you have acted on the square so far. But it has all been legitimate business. I paid you well for it, and as you ran no danger, there was no temptation for you to go back on me. But now—'twill be different. The job I have in hand would be called by an ugly name; I leave you to guess what it may be. But that's enough—until we see whether you all agree to do my work for the reward I am ready to give. If you don't like it, skin out while you may—but don't ever come hanging around me afterwards."

"We are ready to do what we can-I think can speak for the other gentlemen, as for myelf," said the Preacher, glancing toward his

'I was sure of you, pard," said Long Tom, significantly. "The ties of old are not so easy forgotten. The rest of you are in the deal, then? Good enough. Now to business. There are three men whom I am willing to pay well for having them cared for—Little Volcano, Zimri Coon and the fellow they call Crazy Billy. For the young fellow I am ready to give two thousand dollars—and one thousand more if you prove his death within one week from this. Coon I don't care so much foronly it would be safer for all to stop his wind. 'll give you two hundred apiece for him. other-kill him; arrange it so I can see his body, and on that day I will give you each man one thousand dollars. I bid high, because I don't want you to slight the job. Do it up in style, and then come to me for the stamps. Is it a bargain?"

An eager assent was given. It would be many a day before another such glorious chance was given them—better than grubbing for gold, or even plucking drunken geese. At that figure I would engage to depopu

ate the State," earnestly declared the Preach-

"You have all helped me make money—it is only right that I should be generous. But now for the details. You will attend to the two first. You say they have left town. There is only one place they would be likely to go to; Sleepy George can guide you there. He heard all their talk about the gold mine, and knows the neighborhood, if not the exact spot. Go there, find them out, watch your chance and every sign of the deed, just take off their topknots and their death will be laid to the red-skins. Then look after Crazy Billy—don't let

him slip you like the last time, George."

The bummer grinned sheepishly as he re membered how neatly Zimri Coon had pulled the wool over his eyes that day. "The placer—what of that?" muttered one

"The gold will keep. Rub them out and the secret will belong to you. After your work is done, you can act as you please about the

placer—sell it, run it yourselves, or anything else to please the crowd. "But that's enough. Take a drink, then go fit yourselves out for the job. Go well heeled, for unless you get in the first stroke you'll have

your work cut out for you. Better not start until after dark. That will give them a chance to get fairly at work, and will keep your movements from all curious eyes. "Gentlemen-here's luck to your trip.

you soon come to me for your pay in full!" The toast was duly honored; then the party left their chief, after he had singled out Sleepy George as the leader, bidding the others serve him as though he were Long Tom in person.

The worthies separated and each went about his own business. Weapons they had in plenty, but fresh ammunition was bought, liquor-flasks were filled, provisions stowed away in the smallest possible compass, for hunting was not to be thought of on their present expedition.

The shades of night settled down over Hard Luck, and with the increase of twinkling lights. so the town seemed to be waking up from its daily slumber, as the diggers turned out for their nightly amusements.

A shadowy figure lurked near the Miner's Rest, now and then whistling a few low notes. The signal—for such it undoubtedly was—was soon answered by the appearance of a female figure, shrouded in a cloak Together they glided out to the spring, and there engaged in a hurried and earnest conversation. Close to-gether they stood—just as Little Volcano had espied them, one night before; again the tender words, the kiss, the caress—and once again a hurried sep ration as the sound of an approaching footstep came to their ears. man vanished: the woman hastened back to

The unconscious intruder knelt beside the pring and drank eagerly. The moonlight rerealed the handsome countenance of the gambler--Long Tom.

The night passed on. A dark figure lurked before the hotel, close shrouded in a Mexican serap. The building was dark and still. But as he watched, a door cautiously opened. A small figure issued, seemingly that of a woman. As it passed on, the watcher sprung forward and barred the way. There came a muffled scream as the heavy hand was felt-then a limmering flash and the sound of a stroke. The watcher staggered back—the shadowy figure darted away like a spirit.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

#### FAREWELL.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

See, on the breast of the blushing west Lies like a new-born babe the moon; So spring is over and summer is here, May is vanished and this is June. Alas for the springtime fled and gone! Alas, for the summer come too soon!

Do you remember a night like this,
A little less than a month ago,
When we two stood on this rose-hung porch,
Just as we two are standing now,
With the moon and breeze and roses' scent,
And the words I spoke and your answer low?

And yet all that must go for naught;
And we must part for good and aye.
And the days will come and the days will go,
And summer and winter shall go their way,
And the spring shall come and find you here
With the moon and roses and beautiful May.

Yet I shall come not—oh. may I believe
That, through all the Junes and Junes to be,
There will linger, sweet as the roses' breath,
In your inmost heart a memory
Of this one May-time that has been
So beautiful to me?

### Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA

THERE is a lively struggle pending at the present time of writing—Aug. 23d—between the St. Louis and Chicago clubs, not so much for the possession of the League pennant—for that the Chicagos have almost in their graspas for the honors of the local championship, in which contest the St. Louis nine have the ad-The record between the two clubs in their battle for the Western championship is

5, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St Louis. 1 to " at Chicago. " at St. Louis... Aug.

It will be seen that St. Louis has already won five of the series of ten games, and there fore has only one game more to win to obtain the Western championship. All Chicago can do is to tie the score, 5 to 5, which it is not likely will be done. As regards the pennant race, Chicago is too far in the van to be beaten especially as they will largely increase their score in the East in September, more so than St. Louis is likely to do. The record of the League pennant contest up to Aug. 22d is as

Tonows.	mi		MIL	Hill		200				10ton	
Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis	Hartford	Boston	Louisville.	Mutual	Athletic	Cincinnati.	Games won	Games dr'n	Games pl'd
Chicago	-	2	3	6	9	5	5	10	46	0	50
St. Louis	5	-	3	3	6	4	6	7	34	0	49
Hartford	3 0	3	1	6	5 2	3	9	4	33	10	48
Boston	1	4	1	4	14	3	4	6	26 23	3	46 54
Mutual	1	1	1	4	3	0	3	6	19	1	46
Athletic	1	0	1	1	2	4	0	1	13	1	50
Cincinnati	0	2	7	0	7	0	2	-	6	0	49
CII CONCIL MINE WA	1	1	1	_	1		_~				10
Games lost	10	15	14	20	28	26	36	43	194	6	394

Among the model games since our last may be named the following:

be named the following:

Aug. 14, Monticello vs. Mystic, at Jersey City 2 to 1

15, Aetna vs. St. Louis Reds, at Detroit. 5

15, Hemlock vs. Del'w're, at M'n c'o, N. Y.5

16, Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Prov..3

17, St. Louis N. Chicago, at St. Louis

17, St. Louis R'dsvs. J'cks'n, at Ionia, M'n3

17, Alleg'y vs. Standard, at Wheeling, Va.5

17, Prairie City vs. Bluff City, at Polo, Ill.5

18, Capital City vs. Buckeye, at Ind'polis.2

18, Witoka vs. Am. Mutual, at Brook yn. 3

18, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville.4

18 Bloomf'd vs. Springf'd, at Sp ngf'd, Ill.5

18, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston ... 5

19, Chelsea vs. D'law'e, at P'rt Jervis, N. Y.4

19, N. Haven vs. Bridgep ort, at Bridgep t.5

19, Rhode Isl'd vs. Fall River, at Fall Riv.5

19, Tee ms'h vs. Stand'd, at Hamilt'n, Can.5

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We give below a series of answers to correspondents which have been deferred from week to week intil we had space for this new department of our column, which, by the way, is confined to questions appertaining to explanations of the rules of the game only.

R. J. H., Randolph, N. J. A balk is committed whenever the pitcher makes any motion to deliver the ball to the bat, and fails so to deliver it—except the ball be accidentally dropped; and of course if a makes a show of delivering the ball with one and while holding it in another, or even if he has not the ball in his possession but pretends he has, and makes a motion to deliver it, it is a balk.

UMPIER, Memphis, Tenn. 1. A challenge is an invitation from one club to another to meet them and club them a game, consequently the challenging club has the choice of ground and has the right to name the date. The challenging club can change the date but not the location. 2. Ten games constitute a series in the League arena and "best two but of three" in the Amateur.

Young Reds, Boston, Mass. 1. If a nine have blaved their part of the ninth innings and the score is then a tie, and the opposing nine go in to their ninth innings and score one run with no man out, and anything occurs to induce the umpire to end, the game then and there, such as a rain-storm or larkness, the party having the majority of runs wins by the score of the uncompleted innings. 2. The rule is the same in both the League and Amaeur code.

ELLINOIS, St. Louis. There is nothing we know of except the gross interference with the fielders by an outside crowd which justifies a nine in leaving the field before the expiration of a game. Certainly no decision given by an umpire does; for if it be one marked by an error of judgment, there is nothing to be done but to abide by it; and if it be an erroneous interpretation of the rules, then all that can be done is to continue play under protest. But refusing to play because an umpire's decisions do not suit you is boys' work.

Our Club, Washington 1. The Leave had

not suit you is boys' work.

Our Club, Washington. 1. The League book of rules contains no instructions how to play the game nor any club statistics, but only the League laws and rules. 2. Beadle's Dime Book of Base Ball was first issued by Mr. Chadwick in 1860, sixteen years ago. It has been published annually ever since. 3. Copies of the original edition are out of print. 4. Yes, Send us scores of all your "model games," but we do not want those marked by double figure scores.

scores.

Inquirer, Jackson, Mich. There is no need of calling "good ball" after the batsman has struck twice at the ball or had two strikes called upon him unless he fails to hit at the next fair ball. For instance, suppose three fair balls are sent in in succession, and the batsman strikes at the first and second but fails to hit either, or he fails to strike at either of the first two balls, and two strikes are called should he strike at the third and fall to hit it, "three strikes" must be called; but in case he refuses to strike at the third fair ball, in such case the umpire must 'vall "good ball," and on the fourth fair ball give the batsman out unless the ball is hit.

Fourth fair ball give the batsman out unless the ball is hit.

EARNED RUN, Hartford. A run can be earned off the fielding and yet not off the pitching. Thus, for instance, suppose the first striker earns his base by a good hit, steals to second without an error being committed, either in the form of a passed ball, a bad throw to second, or a failure to hold the ball at second on such throw, and gets to third on a bit to third base made by the second striker, who is thrown out there by the short stor: and suppose, also, that by a long hit to out-field a fly-ball is caught, and on the catch the base-runner on third reaches home base safely. Here a run is earned on one base hit, and off the fielding, but not off the pitching. It is earned because no positive errors of play have assisted the base-runner round, and yet perfect fielding would have prevented the successful stealing of the second base, and a long, accurate throw home would have stopped the run from being scored. To earn a run off the fielding requires either three first base hits in succession or a first base hit and a long hit for two bases, if not three.

#### MODERN WOMEN.

MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and backachy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to Women. Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration, and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally. sician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

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Go to the Centennial Exposition by all means, if you have not already been. It is one most ordinarily humdrum and unideal life imof the most stupendous exhibitions the world aginable. has ever known. A mere walk through the great buildings is well worth the trip to Philadelphia. The "main building," covering twenty-one acres, literally contains a "world of wealth," for the mere value of the articles shown is estimated at many millions. Every civilized nation on the globe is representedmost of them with a perfectly splendid display of every art, industry and product of their country. It is simply magnificent beyond words to express. It is like walking through Fairy Land to go through its almost countless exhibits. But, even this is only one feature of that Exposition. Machinery Hall is by far the most wonderful collection of mechanical art and invention that ever yet has been made Agricultural Hall is, in its specialty, like all our great State Fairs combined, multiplied by one hundred-incomparably interesting, curious and suggestive. It is all the land, sea and air pro ducts, and their associated industrial arts, of all the nations. Horticultural Hall reminds one of Coleridge's creation:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A Stately Pleasure Dome decree."

The Art building and its "Annex" is such a collection of the paintings, marbles, mosaics, etc., of all countries, as astonishes every visitor by its extent and intrinsic value.

Then there follows a train of subsidiary exhibitions that in themselves, at any other time and place, would excite the most eager interest. Oh, it is all glorious enough for a whole century of effort, and is an offering to modern civilization of which this generation may well be proud. Not to see it all is to lose a sight and knowledge of the grandest achievement of the century.

#### Sunshine Papers.

#### Observation versus Experience.

IF I may be permitted to state a conviction, which I do not found upon a clear personal re membrance of that period in my own existence, I would set forth as a proposition that observation and experience enter as equal forces into every life newly initiated into the broad brotherhood of universal humanity. But that these forces though always relative do not always remain equal is clear to the most superficial observer of human nature. Still I doubt if superficial or even careful students of human life are prepared to state definitely just when those correlative powers commence to take precedence one of the other.

Did any one ever yet determine at what period of infancy in general, or at what time in the life of any particular infant, the child comdeds as heroic as any hero ever accomplished.

of the infant-traveler in car or stage are the direct result of real misery, or rapidly-developing temper acting in association with very well defined instinct that infantile anger and infantile music are most potent powers in producing desired results? Certain it is that at a most early period the embryo man and woman learn to trade upon the effects of observation. Is it not equally true that from the embryo man and woman up to the allotted three-score years and ten of the real ones, no person, no matter how well he or she may have learned to trade upon observation, is inclined to accept that observation in the place of actual experience?

King Baby may have it very implicitly impressed upon his juvenile consciousness that the result of attempting to secrete stray pins in his digestive regions, or efforts of his to turn somresaults upon the stair-landing, and various other cherubic little performances, will inevitably culminate in dire disaster, through natural effects and parental causes, to his small lordship; yet that wee masculine will never allow observation of statements made to him or the results of the same performances in connection with any of his childish friends to supersede individual experience. That young man will persistently swallow pins, coins, his fists, or any other stray commodities, and do all manner of things which he is warned not to do, with a manful determination to learn if fate dare treat him as it has treated his predecessors and cotemporaries. And will any amount of experience that goes to prove the fact that observation heeded in the past would have saved from ill, ever help that young man, as the years go by, to accept the fate of others as in any degree photographical of what will oc-cur to him under the same circumstances? Is it ever possible for you, or I, or any of us, to believe that a certain cause, producing a certain effect on certain lives, can ever produce that identical effect on our own lives? Are we not always to be the successful ones in careers wherein all attempts to do well, previous to our own, have proved failures?

It is perfectly possible for "Ned and I," playing truant and lingering under the seduc tiveness of a tree bountifully laden with the most astringent of future beautiful fruit, to beieve that others who did eat thereof suffered horrible pangs in the way of cholera and phy sic; but it is just as impossible for "Ned and "in the face of several seasons of observation oncerning the relations of cause and effect be tween green apples and mustard plasters and hot drops, to believe that that fruit popularly supposed to have brought our race to grief car ever cause history to repeat itself in our individual cases.

The young man who makes haste to be rich, and seeks to help himself to that desirable state by certain questionable methods that he knows many another business-man to have tried—finding them, when put in the balance against discovery, disgrace, and a ruined career, too light to save from the downward impetus of the opposing scale—will rever believe, no matter with how many warning cases he may be familiar, that in his case, too, sin will be sure to find him

Did ever yet a young man and maiden agre to "love, honor and obey," and "all that sort of thing" which is introductory to a honeymoon and a matrimonial career, but that they believed that their wedded life would be the realization of that golden ideality which novelists preach and poets sing, but that, as yet, despite the resolves of thousands of lackadaisical lovers, has proved as undiscoverable as the pas sage to the north pole? But in this case, too, that the youth's and maiden's experience is only a repetition of what observation of the lives of many other idealizers of hymeneal bliss might have taught them, is proved by matrimonial jars, tempests—not always in teacups—a sepa ration, a divorce case, or, at the very least, the

Does ever the maid whose observation of life as it has unfolded for her mistress has taught her many bitter lessons, shrink from seeking all those unfoldings of life in her own case with ro seate belief that "her John." or "her Tom. will prove quite unlike "the master?"

And though men's eyes may be deeper than maidens' dreams, and maidens may be "wondrous wise," yet both, like "the man who lived in our town," will insist upon actual contact, figuratively, with the bramble bush which so sadly disorganized that gentleman's optical or-gans even as he did, without doubt, in the face of established facts relative to probable conse

Powerful as are these two forces of our nature, where can the person be found who will accept observation as more than theoretical, in his desire for individual experience? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### NOT ALL BAD.

THE world isn't all bad, my dear friends. To be sure, there are earthquakes, droughts, floods and conflagrations; there may be bitter old winters and parching hot summers; yet, take it all in all, there are blessings far, far in excess of disasters.

Did you ever think of how many homes there are scattered over this vast world of ours, and did you ever think what a charm that very word "home" has to many? The dwellings may be poor, they may be "far from the maddening crowd," they may lack many a comfort, but they are somebody's home! Love lives there as well as in the gilded palace. The lwellers may not have much to be thankful for, but they have something, and their prayers are prayers of gratitude for what they do

Where love is, everything seems bright and glorious, and while many of us are lamenting and wondering what makes the world so vile to live on, thousands of others are rejoicing at God's goodness and wondering how they deserve to live on a world so full of beauty and

The inhabitants of the world are not ALL bad. They may seem so, to some minds, but they really are not. There seems to be more wickedness in the days that now are than in days gone by, and this may be so, because there are more people living. I don't deny that we have thieves, defaulters and murderers, but they are not in the majority. I know it is heartsickening to see how many persons, whom we have had reliance upon and confidence in, and who have held high and responsi ble offices, have betrayed that trust and must now rank among the world's rascals. That is not a very pretty word, but it is a dictionary word, and a very applicable one. Still, there are hosts of good, noble and true men and wonen living whose lives are examples for us to follow and whose morality and goodness we not filled with canting phrases, nor with soulless words, but occupied in doing noble deeds—

effects, for then it is that observance and experience cease to be of equal force! Who is engraved on the scroll of earthly fame, but anlot thrown in for good measure. able to decide just when the heartrending yells gels have recorded their deeds, and such a record is more lasting than any we could write. In true nobility of heart they gave their helping hand to a fallen brother or sister; a kind action and word of interest may have turned many from their wayward course, and they have not withheld them. How many of God's creatures are at this very moment, while I am penning these lines, comforting the sick and lying, administering to the afflicted and aiding

the poverty-stricken! Don't say we are all bad; don't even think it. It is not Christianlike to harbor such thoughts. They'll make you a misanthrope and render your life most unhappy. Friends may have slighted you—may have treated you unkindly -may have been ungrateful to you for all you have done for them, and you may feel like losing all confidence in human nature; but don't do so. If some prove false, you will find others who are true. Don't view humanity from such a morbid standpoint. We may not all be pieces of perfection, but we are not all bad; if we were, there'd be ten times more woe and misery in the world than there now is. When you feel inclined to think how many wicked individuals there are about, just be thankful that there are no more and be grateful for that, and think of how many of Nature's noblemen there are, and you'll find that a

much pleasanter topic for your consideration. We have sunny days and sunny hearts; bright hours and bright natures; golden moments and golden characters, all about us; and, surely, these are enough to make us contented and happy with the world and its inhabitants. If the world is "going to the bad," let us not go to the bad with it. If everybody were to act up to that remark, I don't believe the world would go to the bad. That is one reason why we have so many pure-minded beings-because they are determined to show others that the world can be made better by its inhabitants being better themselves. All bad indeed! It's EVE LAWLESS. no such thing.

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### Dom Pedro Interviewed.

I SENT my card up to his room in the hotel by wo waiters, and was soon in the August-o November presence of the Emperor of Brazil, who cordially bumped his head against mine three or four times, and took my hat and sat it on the floor conveniently beside him, where he could spit in it without having to reach too Brushing some peanut shells from a chair

he bade me take a seat. I told him I had come to interview him, and he replied so I had n't come to assassinate him

it would be all right.

WHITEHORN. You left a pretty good situation, I understand, in Brazil to visit us? Dom. Yes, I have a pretty steady job, so

What sized paper collar do you wear, Dom? Thirty-two when I want it to go round

my neck twice.
W. Brazil is

my neck twice.
W. Brazil is one of the largest islands in the Pacific ocean, if I hear aright?
D. If you hear aright it is.
W. What is the breadth of its widthness?
D. Well, it is so wide that it reaches clear around the globe, and then laps over several undred miles

W. Is that so?

Even so, indeedly. W. What do you think of the United States so far as you've got, Dommy?
D. The United States for a nation is good

enough, but the United States for lager is poor How is that? Vell, it flies to the head before it flies to

W. Have you any design of coming here D. No. I find house rent is too high here for a large man with small means, or for a small man with large means, for that matter. W. Mr. Pedro, are you the renowned gen deman who first introduced the athletic and exhilarating game called Pedro, surnamed

Sancho? D. I have that distinguished honor. I have understood you first learned to whistle in the Spanish language as well as to

D. Yes, and my orders for my boot-jack or more soap are still given in that tongue I suppose common folks look up to you

down there? Yes, they do, especially those who are eking an office or a favor. Do women clamor for Woman's Rights

D. No. If women wanted woman's rights there they would be in danger of getting men's lefts.

W. I suppose you will allow that the United States is a higher nation than Brazil? D It is several degrees higher in latitude, will admit—(taking a chew of Indian rubber,

with which he always solaces himself). W. I suppose you have a national claim to the same sun that we have? D. Not muchly. We are far above that, and are powerful enough to have one of our

W. How much pork and beef in the oppo ite side of a pair of scales can you tip up? D. One hundred and seventy pounds, more or less-(trying to brush a sunbeam off his

pants, which he mistook for dust.) Are you troubled with internal dis-W. D. Well-yes. Unripe northern fruit has produced it—(taking another swallow of pare-

Have you never experienced a desire for rest while, deep into the cares of govern ment matters, your last new boots showed palpable signs of not being quite as large as your Empire?

I s-corn the question, and refer you to John Bunion. (Here he pinned his vest over a spot on his bosom, which showed he had gravy on the bill-of-fare for dinner.)

W. What is your opinion, if you have ever ound any in your vest pockets, of our Cenennial Exposition? The Centennial is a dollar-tennial.

Does your royal vastness ever indulge n the luxury of a toothpick? When it is meat, I do.

W. Will you please lend me yours, and what is the population of your country? (Pulling out a dirty handkerchief and putting it back again before I could see it We number about twenty million soles, and we are pretty well heeled, as you see.

the Isthmus of Darian, and so separate North from South America.

mences to act upon the relation of causes and Their heroism may not be of the kind noted in one is compelled to borrow a cent. You can

W. Is there employment for all there?
D. Yes; and if one man is out of work
there will be a dozen to pull off their coats and
turn in and help him all day, (handing me a half Spanish and half Connecticut cigar.)

W. I should judge that so great a man as you would have a pretty big toothache if you er condescended to have any?

D. You're right; every toothache I have verages forty bushels to the acher. W. I understand that the former occupants

of your country dug some pretty big rivers D. The Amazon is an Amazin' river. It is wider than it is long, and so deep that it reaches

through to the other side, and several miles be yond. Small boys catch whales in it a hundred W. You haven't got any little half-formed Golconda diamond that you're tired of and are

None on hand just now. W. And you have n't any little paltry of-

ce vacant worth a hundred thousand small dollars a year with which you could assist a small man with a poor family?

bout to throw away?

D. None, unless it would be general Inter-rogater to the whole kingdom.

When he went to sleep I had to tear myself away, and thought it was better to be the king of diamonds than petitioner in a court of bank WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. ruptcy.

#### Topics of the Time.

-That there is gold enough in the Black Hills That there is gold enough in the Black Hills to make that country an acquisition much to be desired is now evident. A late issue of the Nebraska City Press says: "Capt. Morrill, of Dixon, who recently arrived at Bismarck, D. T., from the Black Hills, says that the Wheeler brothers have taken out \$180,000 from their claim in Deadwood Gulch, and that their ground would yield for several months yet. Some days ago they scooped up gold by the pound, and on one day secured \$2,200. Iu Nigger Gulch four negroes took out \$1,700 in one day with a rocker, carrying the dirt several hundred yards from the mountains to water. A few claims are paying big money. Miners are making from \$3 to \$7 per day, but the majority are idle and some destitute. Flour is \$9 per hundred. The stage at Cheyenne, July 22, brought in \$10,000 in dust from Deadwood."

rom Deadwood."

—Some time ago a lady, who is very well known in the fashionable world, happened to see in the streets a monkey begging pence in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ-grinder. She took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made it a pet. The other day she had a fashionable reception for the benefit of a charity, and, of course, her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down to the piano, and accompanying herself, sung with exquisite taste. As soon as she had finished the monkey, who had not forgotten his former duties, seized a hat, and holding it before each guest, according to his custom, commenced a collection. The vocalist laughed and the lady of the house looked vexed, but, to the amusement of everybody, the animal collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the singer's shoulder, amidst shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of the hat in her lap, the collection of course being devoted to the charity. Monkeys are just now in strong request in fashionable received. Monkeys are just now in strong request in fash-

ionable society.

—Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe, like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents, and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabitated by a race of sentient beings, with forms and faculties like our own, and even propounded schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a ionable society. One of these was to construct on the broad high-lands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our plan-etary neighbor, on the supposition that the moon people would recognize the object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply, extravagant and absurd as it may appear, but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon discovered that if there were people in the moor they must be able to live without breathing of eating or drinking. Then it ceased.

—Among the highest cultured society, it has never been the habit to load with jewelry, though it has in that society of wealth which has made itself the most prominent in the larger cities these dozen years, the elder and better elements taking the back-ground. But years of money create taste, and taste is now banishing display; broad gold necklaces, heavy gold pendants, and band bracelets are forbidden, also, not accordant to form, which is now the standard of taste. This doesn't, of course, forbid a beauty from setting off her charms with a becoming bracelet, or even necklace, and gold, as well as turquoise or amber on a purely molded arm or gracile neck, will al-ways be allowed. The success will prove the ight, here as well as elsewhere in worldly usage. But, for the generality of women, the barbaric gold is tabooed.

-Mrs. Swisshelm expresses wonder that any song birds are found in the United States, since ats are so numerous here, and proceeds to show cats are so numerous here, and proceeds to snow pretty conclusively that they have done more than man himself to extirpate some of our most valuable prairie fowls. This calls to mind the statement made some years ago by a patient observer of the habits of these beasts of prey; he declared that two cats upon his farm killed over three nundred young partridges in one season. And nore recently the protest came from Kansas that these animals were killing off the birds that ate the grasshoppers. This is a very bad report for pussy. Now the economist pertinently asks if the food which the fifty or sixty thousand feline prowlers of our city consume were saved, whether there would not be more left to feed some of the starving children; and to put the finishof the starving children; and to partially stroke upon the business, Mrs. Swisshelm intimates very strongly that the cat is in a measure timates very strongly that the crasshopper plague. After this test of the grasshopper plague. After this it will be difficult to find a modern Cowper to defend the sleek and bloated hypocrite that purrs upon the sofa, and that is only waiting for night to come to banish sleep with the voice of spirits to purgatory bound.

-Chief among the attractions in the Kansas State building, or in that part of it reserved for Colorado, is a lady-like woman of less than ordinary stature and comparatively slight physical development, known as Mrs. Maxwell, the Rocky Mountain huntress. This lady is reported we killed with her own hands five hundred to have killed with her own hands his hundred wild animals, and specimens of these, stuffed by herself, have been forwarded to the Colorado display, and they are now on exhibition. Among these are several large bisons, a number of deer, including the red deer, a pair of Rocky Mounincluding the red deer, a pair of Rocky Mountain sheep, a ferocious puma, a number of wild cats, two elks, three bears—grizzly, cinnamon, and black—a wolverine, said to be the most dangerous animal in the West; many varieties of rabbits, including the rare cony rabbit, found only on mountain peaks, above the timber line, and many specimens of marmot, squirrel, mountain rats, a black-footed ferrit, etc. The last mentioned animal is a rare specimen, the one owned by the Smitheonian Institute being the only other known to have been shot and preserved. twice). We number about twenty million soles, and we are pretty well heeled, as you see.

W. Do you prefer the South to the North?
D. I do, and propose eventually to saw off the Isthmus of Darian, and so separate North from South America.

W. How well off are your subjects?

D. Every one of them owns a bank, and no by the Smithsonian Institute being the only other known to have been shot and preserved. The collection also includes a family of prairie dogs, owls, and snakes, which the huntress has often seen in the same burrow, and to these are added cases of birds, water fowl, snakes, etc., be-sides two exhibits of live prairie dogs and rattle-snakes, the entire display of over 300 animals being very artistically arranged.

#### Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "A Garland;" "That Strange Boy;" My Jealousy;" "Elsie's Heritage;" "Maneuverng for a Heart;" "Piqued into Love;" "The Fouraved Clover."

Rejected: "Laying Down the Law;" "His Way of Waiting;" "A Morning Mass;" "Little Dora;" "A Useful Lesson;" "In the Reign of Reason."

CASSIE A. R. The gentleman is married Sorry to know "you'll be ever so provoked." You should have spoken sogner!

ave spoken sooner!

Poem "Little Dora" hardly worthy its author.

Poems on such themes must be *very* good to war
ant publication. Last stanza is particularly faulty

n rhythm, and commonplace in expression.

W. P. McB. We know of no way to obtain a com-plete set of the Journal but to advertise for it. We can only supply the last volume.

GEO. D. L. Can't possibly reprint the story this year. Have too many good things awaiting use.

CUBA LIBRE. Write for information to Secretary of Cuban Junta, New York city. No further add-dress necessary.

lress necessary. D. E. N. There are no "half admittances" or cheap arrangements" for the Centennial Exposi-ion. Every day's admission is fifty cents to old

Judge Bob Candy. Trade in New York, as elsewhere, is dull. No want of candy-makers, we understand. Wages \$12 to \$15 per week. Among the largest manufacturers of stick in this city are Gilbert, of Cortlandt St., Smith, of Greenwich St., and Mason and Zollinger, Fulton St., Brooklyn, general

ONITECTIONERS.

CONSTANT READER. Wherever new telegraph lines re opening there is the best chance for operators. s West Virginia is nearest to you, try your formes there first. A brief service in any Western Inion office in Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelhia, will help you to a "sit" in that company's emloy.

ploy.

T. S. H. There is no trouble in raising watercress, provided it is planted along the edge of running streams, especially springs, and kept clear of weeds and grass. We have it now growing around a fish-pond. The seed can be purchased at any of our leading agricultural stores.

Annie Laurie. Board at the hotels you name, for two persons and one room, is from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day for each person. So the sum you mention will not suffice for a two weeks' stay. The better way is to take a room together in any respectable "European" hotel, and eat at the restaurants. A good room can thus be had for \$1.00 per day.

good room can thus be had for \$1.00 per day.

Annie, Akron. We personally know ef no wholesale house which does business in the way you suggest. Goods are only sent out "on sale" to parties
known in business circles as financially responsible. To get goods on commission you must establish a credit. Why not try Chicago merchant? It
will be more likely to succeed, for they can investigate as to your responsibility and good business
scharacter.

gate as to your responsionity and good statistical character.

Mrs. Chisholtz. Sorry we have not secret of the baking powder you refer to. Will try and fathom its chemistry.—Good soda biscuit can be made of Graham flour. Take six cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls soda, four of cream tartar, salt sufficient, and mix with half cream and half buttermilk. Bake quickly, and you'll have biscuit fit for a queen.—Of course the gem in the ring is but glass, at such a price. If a real amethyst the ring would be ten times the price named.

UNCLE JOHN TABOR. The saving of garden seed we cannot commend, as a rule. We refer especially to vegetable seeds. True, of some favorite kinds, known not to degenerate, it is different, but they generally do degenerate. We purchase fresh seed every season. Flower seeds, of special value and beauty, may be saved and resown. But always be sure to make your purchases of reliable seedsmen.

Miss E. A. L. writes: "Must I use orange blos-

sure to make your purchases of reliable seedsmen.

Miss E. A. L. writes: "Must I use orange blossoms only in a bridal wreath? I am to be married, and want to wear natural flowers, but I cannot well get orange blossoms. Can you tell me why orange blossoms are always used?" If you desire to wear natural flowers, we do not consider orange blossoms imperative. They are certainly less graceful than jessamine, lily of the valley, or white roses. In some countries myrtle alone is used for the bridal wreath, and any white flower is perfectly appropriate. The Saracens have the credit of introducing the orange blossom at weddings, and in the South and East, where they are abundant, they are appropriate, being fragrant as well as beautiful.

MARY ELLA. As you have an ice-cream freezer, you will find it quite as easy to make ices as creams. To "make orange ice," mix the grated rinds of three oranges and the juice of six, the juice of two lemons, a pint of white sugar dissolved in a pint of cold water, and freeze, the same as cream. Pretty ornaments for tables set for parties are dishes piled with frosted fruit. Select small fruit with stems, such as plums, grapes, cherries, lady-apples, small pears, bunches of currants, etc. Make a mixture of frothed white of eggs and a very small quantity of cold water. In this dip the fruit, one at a time. Drain until nearly dry and roll in pulverized sugar. Dip in the sugar twice and lay upon white paper to dry.

Dumb Head asks: "If a gentleman write a lady a

upon white paper to dry.

Dumb Head asks: "If a gentleman write a lady a note, desiring to have the honor of her company to such a place, how should she answer it? If a gentleman take a lady out horseback riding, on which side should he ride? If a lady correspond with a gentleman friend, how should she begin the letter? And if he is not a friend, just an acquaintance, how should she begin it?" Write: "Miss Avery presents her compliments to Mr. Smith, and thanks him kindly for his invitation for Thursday night, which she takes great pleasure in accepting," or, "which she is under the unpleasant necessity of declining."—A gentleman escorting a lady upon horseback rides at her right hand.—Commence your letters, "My dear friend," or, "Friend John," or, "Mon ami." If the gentleman is merely an acquaintance, you should address him as Mr. Smith, Dear Sir, My dear Sir, or My dear Mr. Smith.

Miss S. N. A. writes: "I had a fine topaz ring

MISS S. N. A. writes: "I had a fine topaz ring which a gentleman very much wanted, as I supposed just for a loan; but he has not returned it and tells me he wishes me to go to a certain jewelry store and select a ring I like, and he will see that I have it. I don't know how to act in the case. Will you please give me your advice?" We should consider it a desire on the gentleman's part to retain your ring, as perhaps it pleases him, and give you, as its equivalent, any ring you may choose. But, again, his conduct is open to the interpretation of desire to court you, and the exchange of rings he suggests may be considered by him, if you agree to it, as significant of an engagement. Your actions must be decided by your feelings toward the gentleman; as a friend or sweetheart, under the circumstances, it would be perfectly proper for you to select the new ring he offers you. But if you desire to discourage him, and retain your topaz, firmly and respectfully insist upon his giving it you.

Centennial Question, Newton, would like to Miss S. N. A. writes: "I had a fine topaz ring

to discourage him, and retain your topaz, firmly and respectfully insist upon his giving it you.

CENTENNIAL QUESTION, Newton, would like to know our opinion of flitting with gloves, parasol, or handkerchief. Also if we think it wrong for a girl to wave her handkerchief to strangers when they pass in a carriage. We have a very poor opinion of the girl who makes use of any of the flittation codes, whether "gloves," "parasol," "handkerchief," "fan," "knife and fork, 'or "hand." The young girls who do such flirting are always lowly estimated and will forfeit the respect, though they may win the acquaintance, of gentlemen who see them engage in it. And to wave the handkerchief to strangers is forward and improper. The strangers would be quite justifled in addressing you, and you would have no redress for what you should resent as an unwarrantable impertinence; and the persons that you thus encourage to speak to you may be most undesirable acquaintances, for it is impossible to judge of who a stranger may be by his appearance. Let all such questionable methods alone; content yourself with winning the admiration of the gentlemen you already know, by your charms of manners and mind, and devote some little tims to improving your chirography and orthography.

C. U. E. says: "Last summer, at a summer resert I met two young ladies—sisters—and we be-

manners and mind, and devote some little tim; to improving your chirography and orthography.

C. U. E. says: "Last summer, at a summer resort, I met two young ladies—sisters—and we became quite well acquainted, and I grew to admire both very much, so that I have corresponded with them occasionally since then. I had made up my mind to address the younger one in love, for I have become convinced that I love her truly; but from a letter I have only recently received from the elder sister I see plainly that she loves me. It embarrasses me to know how to act. Ought I to at once cease my attentions to both ladies? It will be hard to do this, and cruel to them as well as to me, but how can I choose when both love me, as I feel sure now is the case? I wish to act exactly right, but don't see my way clear." We fear you are somewhat to blame for the necessity which now compels you to treat one cruelly; probably you have allowed each to believe in a sincere attachment on your part for her. If you are "convinced" that you love the younger sister, tell her so in a straightforward manner, and if she reciprocates your sentiments be true to her, and do not, by a look or word, betray to either sister that you suspect the attachment of the elder one for you to be more than friendly regard. The least you can do, now, is to keep her secret well guarded, even from any recognition of it on your part, until her feelings change. In time she will probably come to regard you in an entirely brotherly manner.

Unanswered questions on hand will appeared week

"BEAUTIFUL WITHIN."

I pray thee, oh, God, that I may be beautiful within —Socrates.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Enough I have of earthly dross
Which dims but cannot shine;
Enough of what in death is loss
And makes not souls divine.
Oh, teach me how to bear my cross
I kneel before Thy shrine!
And while on earth I still have life,
Surrounded by dark sin,
"I pray thee that I may, oh, God,
Be beautiful within!"

I care not though my outward lot Is ever to be poor; or on what distant earthly spot

Nor on what distant earthly spot
My pains I must endure.
If I but have this sweetest thought—
Of Faith—in Thee secure.
And when at last o'er me comes death,
To show Thee what I've been,
"I pray Thee that I may, oh, God,
Be beautiful within!"

### The Men of '76. JOHN ADAMS.

The Colossus of the Revolution.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

MANY writers, in speaking of the men of '76, assign to John Adams a prominence above all others. If he was excelled in sagacity by Franklin, in eloquence by Patrick Henry, in judicial wisdom by Jay, in discretion by Richard Henry Lee, in judgment by Washington and in acuteness by Jefferson, a combination of these qualities gave him for forty years a commanding influence in public affairs, and rendered him, in the largest sense, one of the chief builders of the edifice of our liberty.

John Adams, born at Braintree, Mass., Oct. 19th, 1735, was descended from one of the original Puritan settlers, and from him inherited that sturdy love of liberty which rendered him so dreaded by Royal Governors. No king ever had a more unwilling subject, and no man even more ardently espoused the cause of the people as against non-representative rule. Adams was well "brought up." He received a thorough college training, was an apt scholar and at an early moment of his career, was marked for distinction. He studied law, was married in 1764, and the next year removed to Boston, where his practice soon became lucrative, and his prominence as a leader distinguished.

That prominence was due not more to his force of character and talents than to his senti-ments on the topic of the hour—the rights of the people to self government. On this question, like his illustrious cousin, Samuel Adams, he was an enthusiast, and long before public sentiment had reached the point of resistance to Parliament and Crown, he was preparing that public for what was to come. His "Essays on Canon and Civil Law," published in the Boston Gazette, (1767,) were the preliminaries to his whole career. They were reprinted in London, (1768,) and are thus adverted to by an English writer:

"It seems to have been the principal object of the author to extinguish, as far as possible, the veneration of his countrymen for the institutions of England by holding up to their ab horrence the principles of the canon and feudal law, and showing to them the conspiracy which existed between church and state for the purpose of oppressing the people. He inculcated the sentiments of generous liberty as well as the necessity of correct information on the part of his fellow citizens, in order that they might be prepared to assert and maintain their rights by force, if force should ever become neces

The treason Patrick Henry preached, in his passionate way, to an audience of Virginia planters, John Adams proclaimed in the very face of Parliament itself, so long before the "tocsin of the Revolution" sounded, that he won the hatred of loyalists, and incurred the displeasure of leading patriotic men for his zeal. What to them was effrontery or rash ardor, to a clearer vision was prophecy and prepara-

In 1769 he was made chairman of the com mittee chosen by the people of Boston to draw up instructions for the Legislature to resist the encroachments of the Crown, and in 1770 was made a member of that Legislature. From that moment to his election by the Legislature as one of its delegates to the Continental Con gress, John Adams was the head and front of rebellion; and his appearance at that Congress really was the beginning of revolution. majority of members hoped and worked for conciliation and compromise; hence John Adams was regarded with aversion by them and their friends. Even on the streets he was uncivilly treated; but his great courage and heart of fire pressed on in its work; his zeal. eloquence and murderous use of facts won him converts and coadjutors until, at the second Congress, he was strong enough to introduce a resolution (May 6th, 1776), which recommended the colonies to adopt "such a government as rould, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents and of America" virtual declaration of innependence. bold resolution, though fiercely opposed, he fought with wonderful eloquence and power to a successful passage on May 13th.

That act was the prelude of the more formal and distinctive resolve, introduced by Richard Henry Le, and seconded by Adams, (June 7th) that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states, etc." [See sketch of Jefferson]. This aroused the antagonism and excited the wildest fears of Congress; and the three days' debate which followed were pronounced by those who heard them (Congress sat with closed doors), to have been fierce, passionate and exciting beyond precedent. Of that struggle of giants, John Adams was, according to Jefferson, the Colossus. ing, tenacious, aggressive, he spoke with such magnificent ardor and such immense power as to bear all before him; and when the question was reopened, July 1st, on the report of the committee on the Declaration, Adams again was the monster spirit that controlled the storm; for another three days his mighty energy and matchless tongue fought the strong, coerced the wavering, and sustained the weak; and the work was crowned, on the 4th, by the vote which made that declaration the keystone of the arch of American freedom.

Adams was one of the committee of five to prepare the Declaration, but his share in the actual construction of the instrument was small. only a few verbal amendations to Jefferson's draught.

When the deed was done America breathed as if an incubus had been lifted from her energies; she saw duty, suddenly, in the clear light of a sun too long obscured; and old and young, men and women, throughout all the land, were inspired by it with that sense of independence which made the revolution a fight to the last extremity—rendered the people unconquerable.

And to John Adams all classes assigned the chief honor of the grand consummation.

Adams' career, through the revolution, was

chiefly abroad, as our minister—first, to France (1777), along with Franklin to negotiate a treaty of peace and alliance; next to Holland as plenipotentiary; then on various commissions to form treaties with other powers; then, our independence having been won, he was appointed by Congress the first United States Minister to Great Britain. In all these responsible stations he served his country with signal ability and satisfaction. He published in London (1787), his Defense of the American Constitution. which commanded much attention as an exposition of constitutional liberty.

In the year 1787, at his own request, he was allowed to return to America, and was elected Vice President of the United States, and reelected in Washington's second term (1793). He then succeeded Washington as President in 1797, and served one term.

Political parties, just prior to the first Presidency, began to take shape. Some favored a strong central power; others preferred the in-dependency of the States, with only a General Congress for harmonizing general interests.

The old "Confederation" (1783-1789), was

such a Congress. It failed to give satisfaction, and compelled a "closer union." The convention of 1787, embracing the most eminent men of the several States, as delegates, adopted the new Constitution. It gave great offense to the "anti-Monarchists," as they sometimes were pleased to call themselves, but the immense influence of Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, Madison and others, induced its acceptance by the several States, and the New Republic was instated in April 1789, with Washington as President, John Adams as Vice President, Jefferson as Secretary of State, General Knox as Secretary of War, and Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury. This inauguration of the new government soon brought about those political dissensions inseparable from a democracy. Hamilton's scheme for funding the public debt, proposed in his masterly first report (January 1790), elicited flerce discussion, from which soon sprung the parties known as Federalist and Republican. Washington and Adams approved of Hamilton's schemes, and thereby became heads of the Federalist party. As the administration progressed, and the power of the General Government was more and more exercised, the division of parties grew more defined. Jefferson soon became the recognized head of the anti-Federalists, and between him and Hamilton the strongest personal dislike so prevailed that the Secretary of State resigned from the Cabi net January 1, 1794, and thereafter he led the "opposition" with a decision that gave to the politics of Washington's second term great

virulence and intense feeling. In this John Adams, necessarily, was deeply involved. He was by nature and training not a politician, but a partisan. Sustaining the Federal policy of government, and its construc-tion of the Constitution, he championed both with his old time freedom of speech, and, striking fierce blows, he excited a hostility and per ecution that made him a hunted lion.

He was, in view of his great services, Washington's natural successor to the Presidency, but he had to confront a rancorous opposition; and, though elected, was so hounded and beset on all sides that his one term of office was the signal for his retirement, when the opposition under Jefferson and Aaron Burr came into power—Burr coming within one vote of being President of the United States.

Adams would never again enter public life. Retiring to his farm at Quincy, Mass., he there continued to reside, busy enough with his pen, as his published works and correspondence at-His faults of character were irascibility of temper and a regard for his own honor and reputation, amounting to vanity, which, when piqued, led him to endless controversy and trouble. By these really small faults was his truly great nature often humiliated and obscured, but, as time dooms little things to perish, and preserves only the acts and thoughts that are worthy of remembrance, we now see rather than John Adams the politician and leader of Federalists. He scorned a lie as something vile and mean; his integrity was wholly unquestioned; he had no guile or finesse; he loved honor for honor's sake, and thought of the public good before all else. Even his eneconceded these traits to be his, and soone or later paid him the homage of their respect. Jefferson, his once dear friend and coadjutor in trying times, by the estrangements of po litical divisions and controversy, became his adversary and pronounced foe, but, as the two great men grew in years their old warmth of regard revived. Adams' most admirable wife died in 1817, when Jefferson wrote the deeply stricken man a beautiful letter of condolence Sorrow opened the door of friendship that political distemper had closed, and thereafter they were enemies no more.

Adams lived, clear in intellect and in comparative health, to the advanced age of ninety years, dying July 4, 1826—the filtieth year of American Independence. On that very same day Jefferson passed away, and the two illustrious souls went into the Life Eternal hand

# Under the Surface:

Murder Will Out. A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D. AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSAULT BY THE RESERVOIR.

THE two plotters—such they evidently were -pursued their way at a brisk pace through the storm. They did not pause to look back until they reached the little bridge leading over the reservoir flood-gate by the mill-walk. they stopped. They had not spoken on the way at all; they needed all the breath that they could husband. But they paused here on the bridge amid the snow that was still whirling

wildly in the thick night air. "Here we part, Jem," said the tall man in a low voice. "Don't forget your work; I'll attend to mine. We are working together; we

must be free and open to each other."
"I hear you, Algy," was the reply.
"I am portrait.
"Ah!

'Good. Remember the back entrance, and the place where to search. With what you'll look for—and must find—in our possession, all will be well. As for the rest, count on me; I'll not flinch. Should we fail "-hesitatinglythe search, why the other means must be tried; to-night, for the fellow is fiery and fool-hardy."

We'll meet at the Locks and report progress. Good-night and good luck!'

"Good-night, Algy."
The man then turned to the left and hurrying away entered Green street at its termi nus. His crunching footfall died speedily away.

The captain lingered for a moment. with a shiver, he drew his cloak more closely around him and descended the steps leading into the walk by the wheels. Before he had advanced a dozen steps, however, he paused and peered ahead of him in the heavy shadows flung by the houses. A dark object was dimly visible in that un-

certain gloom; it was hugging close to the wall. The prowler quietly slid his hand toward his bosom, and taking out his revolver, dropped it into his overcoat side-pocket. He strode boldly on once more, as if he had seen nothing But he kept his eyes well about him.

It was lucky for him that he did, for scarce ly had he reached the middle of the dreary walk when suddenly, like the fierce onset of a tiger, a stalwart man rushed upon him. The attack was so sudden and so vigorous, that the young man had not time to use his pistol. He managed to extricate his hands from his pockets and to wave off a powerful blow.

Then began a fierce struggle, there in the wild winter storm. No one was awake in the neighborhood. The inmates of the adjacent lodge-house were long since wrapt in slumber; and the encounter, though desperate, was carried on silently—the thick, leaden air conveying no sound. The men were left to themselves to fight out the bitter conflict. Nothing was heard save the sickening thud of heavy blows

given and returned with fearful distinctness.

The captain, though taken somewhat at a disadvantage at the beginning of the encounter, steadily gained on his powerful adversary. Though plainly a much lighter man than his antagonist, yet he towered his equal in hight. It seemed, too, that his muscles and sinews were of steel. Gradually he had opened the offensive, and was now slowly, but surely, pressing his brawny foe backward, toward the wire railing girding the deep, black-bosomed basin. There was a hideous energy in that man's iron grip, as, inch by inch, he bore his antagonist backward. The fellow saw his danger—the evident meaning of the other, and now with a fierce desperation he sought to end the conflict by breaking away and taking to flight—to flee from the danger which he had courted by the attack.

To this end he suddenly relaxed his hold, and dropping his full weight, bowed his head and endeavored to trip the other. For this maneuver he was rewarded by a fierce kick in the face which sent him blinded and stunned, headforemost, into the snow. Like a hawk the young man pounced upon his prostrate foe, and clutching him by the throat, dragged him to the railing

"Spare me—spare me, mars cap'en! Spare I was hired to—"

"Spare you! you black scoundrel! Never! Over with you—go!" exclaimed the young man, bending him backward. Then suddenly seizing him by the feet, with one vigorous shove he hurled him headlong over the railing into the dark, treacherous reservoir.

The wretched fellow-by his dialect, evidently a negro-gave one wild shriek as he flashed out of sight in the shadows below. In a second a half-thud and half-splash broke the stillness. The partly congealed, snow-rotten bosom of the basin gave way, and with a sullen plunge and a fearful stifling cry, the man sunk beneath

the chilling waters Then all was still.

Panting heavily, the victor peered over into the dark reservoir.

"Miserable coward!" he muttered between his teeth. "Gone at last, have you? And at last we are square. You sought it, you fixed your own doom. You thought I had gold about me—ha! ha! Peace to your foul carcass be neath the ice!

took his way swiftly through the bare-armed trees, and passed out into the street by the wire

In a moment more he had found a passing nnibus, and was soon jolting back toward Oil

It was now nearly twelve o'clock; the snow was still flying, flung hither and thither wildly by the hoarsely-trooping north wind.

> CHAPTER VIII. THE MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

WE are not yet done with the occurrences of this eventful night—so cold, so raw, so never-tobe-forgotten! Yes, it was the same night still; and the rude winter wind blowing so bleak from the northwest sung dolefully around the splendid mansion of Thompson Floyd, Esq., just as it sighed and moaned, and piped and waved around the humbler dwelling-places

up the alley, nearly. The hour was half-past eleven; all the lights vere extinguished in the splendid Spruce street mansion, save the one which glowed in the rich man's library.

In that apartment where everything was colected to contribute to the comfort and pander to the taste of a man of culture and of leisure sat the owner of the mansion.

Thompson Floyd was a tall, slender man of about fifty-five years of age. His face was long, thin and pale; his forehead narrow and nigh, was crowned with scattering gray locks, now awry and disordered. The countenance of the man showed anxiety and care—a remembrace of bitter things, perhaps; yet it was not an austere, unkind face. The emotions now playing over his countenance were varied

and confused. Directly in front of the gentleman, over the book-case, was the portrait of a dark-bearded, elegant-looking man, apparently of about forty years of age. He was represented as wearing full uniform of an officer of the navy But about that handsome face was an unmistakable air of a fast life, the mark of many

sins of omission and commission. The picture was elaborately mounted in a Florentine frame, magnificently carved and gilded. It was suspended from the wall by a red silken cord of a peculiar make and finish. This cord was of the finest mesh-work and of the costliest description. It was passed in a quadruple coil from the frame to the wall; and rom each end depended a rich and rare tassel

of gold and silver fringe. The solitary occupant of the room at length lifted his head, and fixed his eyes upon the rich

"Ah! Kimcoly!" he muttered, rising slowly and beginning to pace the room with anxious, meditative steps. "Unlucky day for me when you passed from earth, poor and pennile leaving me such a charge! Never since the day when that dark-browed boy, my nephew, entered these doors have I felt the same man and by the heavens above me, I'll lay the train that I was before. Even as a boy his scowling face, his deep, meaning eyes haunted me and "You can trust me, Algy." made me fear. Fear? And what? Trouble, a moment to trouble to the don't forget to-morrow evening. "Then don't forget to-morrow evening."

ingulfed the boy, too!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a nervous energy.

A moment of silence ensued; but it was

speedily broken by the old gentleman, who re-

"Yes; then I had been free to do as I wished with my own. But now and ever since the Levant went down and that black-haired boy larkened my doors I have been wretched. Why did fate so ordain it, that just when my cherished plans were perfected, when my daring—when Clinton, my noble adopted son, was beginning to love me, to creep closer to the heart of—of—his best friend—poor boy!—his adopted father; ay! why then did this fiendish fate fling in my way that boy with the scowling brow, this, to the outside world, the real heir to my wealth. Curses on him! Curses on the day when the ship went down! Then such a legacy to a son! A rich one, forsooth, wherewith to battle with the world for fortune and success. And that fortune: a Venetian portrait, a cord of silk and a jeweled dagger!

For a moment he glanced vindictively at the painted canvas before him. Again he resumed his restless promenade, his head bent, his thin white hands clasped convulsively behind him. his lips compressed, his eyes almost stony in their stare. At last he once more flung himself into his chair and sighing heavily murmur-

ed, abstractedly:
"Yes, darling Gertrude! I remember you yet; time cannot blot out your angel's face and your sunny curls from my memory. I hear your laughing voice, now; I feel your warm breath on my cheek; and, ah! righteous heaven, I hearken even now to that low, plaintive wail, that dying moan, when I told you the cruel truth. Oh! I know that I was wrong, that pride and passion blinded me! I know—heaven curse me!—that I murdered my darling! Alas! I have fought the whirlwind and the storm which I provoked. And have I been purified in passing this mighty ordeal of heart-breaking woe! Yes; I feel it, I know it. I can now look calmly on her sweet face, and can kiss those mock lips—so unlike the real!—

He drew from his bosom a small oval case of velvet, and opened it. Silently he gazed at what was contained within—a fair-haired, sky eyed, girlish face.

An uncontrollable tremor shook the old man's frame, as he glued his eyes to the miniature but there came forth no cry, no sob, no moan from the anguished heart. The eyes slowly filled, great salt tears rolled down the wan cheeks, and a sigh as of a blessed relief broke from his bosom. Gently, yearningly, he pressed his lips to the voiceless "shadow," then he then he closed the case and hid it in his pocket. "Ah! my lost Gertrude!" he murmured, "I

have yet a link to bind me to you. Oh! how precious that link. And yet, my untarnished name and fame—untarnished!" he continued with a gasp. "Oh heaven! I cannot! I dare not! I—alas!" and he wrung his withered hands. "I sometimes feel as though I would end all my sorrow at once; and yet, must I resort to it, as the great consoler and quieter What a strange feeling came over me the other day, as I stood on the lofty rock beyond Fair-mount, and gazed into the dark, rushing flood of the Schuylkill! Was it fancy that made me see beneath the surging torrent a vision of peace, of rest everlasting? No, no; such thoughts are cowardly; I'll banish them."

For several moments he strode without speak ing up and down the room.

"Algernon Floyd is a deep, base-hearted man!" he suddenly muttered, his mind reverting to a former topic of thought. "His black, glittering eyes have a wicked look. He knows of my wealth, that I have no relative in a legal aspect, save himself; he knows, too, my love for my adopted son; he knows that I am master of my own, that when I die, my property will by my expressed declarations go in bulk to my—dear Clinton, and but a small portion to himself. I do not like his manners of late: Turning at once, he rearranged his attire and I distrust him! He must leave this house. cannot absolutely turn him off, for poor Kimcoly's sake. I must remember him in my will.

And I— Ha! what was that? He paused abruptly as a quick, sharp sound echoed without the back window. He sat upright and faced the window, but the noise came

"I am nervous," muttered the old man after a moment's pause. "'Twas only the old peach tree see-sawing in the wind. No, I do not trust my nephew Algernon," he resumed as his brow contracted. "He keeps suspicious company, is out late at nights without ostensible reasons, and he casts greedy glances at my safe. He knows that I keep my will there; he knows, too, that if I die without a will, HE WILL BE A MILLIONAIRE, AND CLINTON PENNILESS! But, and his voice sunk to an excited whisper. "I'll thwart the ambitious rascal, if he thinks any such thing. I'll secure that document some where else."

He arose at once and strode toward a small iron safe in a corner of the room; at the same time he thrust his hand in a concealed pocket within his vest. He paused suddenly and searched this pocket, then, hurriedly, every

other about his garments.
"The key is missing!" he muttered with a look of perplexity and uneasiness. "Only last night I placed it in its hiding place. Could I have lost it this morning at the Exchange? No; I am not so careless as that. I placed that key in my pocket, there to remain until I removed it. However, I am prepared for emergencies. I must put the extra spring on the lock; for twenty thousand dollars, and the will, are contained in that strong box. But I have another

He cautiously locked the door of the apart ment, and lowered the light to the minute point. For a moment the room was in dark-When the light streamed on again, old Thompson Floyd was standing beneath the chandelier with a peculiar shaped key in his

A moment and he was by the safe. He unlocked the ponderous door and slowly shoved it open. He drew out a long, narrow drawer and from it took a small, copper-fastened box. This box was secured with two locks. By a dexterous touch the old gentleman unclasped the locks, and threw back the lid. He took out a long, neatly folded paper, bearing an indorsement in a clear, bold handwriting. placed the box in the drawer, the drawer in the safe, and closed the heavy door. For an entire minute he turned the key in the lock, each time eliciting from the resonant metal a peculiar clink. At last, with a satisfied air, he withdrew the key. Again he lowered the light for a moment. When it glared once more in the room, the old man was seating himself by the table.

But the key had disappeared. Slowly Mr. Floyd spread out the folded neet. Then holding it up to the light he read

it through, word by word. It was a brief document, and though old

"It is right," he ejaculated, "as right as my conscience would allow me to draw it. I could not neglect my-adopted son; nor could I forget that Algernon Floyd was my brother's son. Heaven grant that I have done justice to both! Heigho!" he exclaimed after a pause, glancing at the clock. "So late! half-past twelve! Well, I am not sleepy, the house is empty, Clinton and Algernon are both away at the ball! Oh! the flash and folly there! But the time offers; I'll write my confession, for him, and place it with the will. When I am dead he can read both; but not until then. I'll strengthen my nerves a little, then to work.

He arose and approached a small steel-handed locker. From it he took a vial and a little cut-glass decanter. From the vial he poured two teaspoonfuls of the liquid it contained into a wine-glass, which latter he half-filled with the contents of the decanter.

The vial was labeled Tinct. Valer.; the decanter held, as could be told by the peculiar

aroma, Cognac brandy.

At one swallow the old man emptied the wine-glass, and after a few turns, up and down the room, reseated himself by the table and be-

And there he sat. An hour passed and still old Thompson Floyd guided the creaking goc sequill over the sheets.

At last, with a weary yawn, he flung down the pen and pushed the MS. aside. Tears stood in the old man's eyes as slowly he took up the sheets and read them one by one. When he had finished, he folded them complacently together into a small, square package, and secured it by turns of a strong cord. Next he folded the long narrow document—the will—and made it to correspond in size and shape with the package of sheets. He paused, but almost instantly he took a pen and on the parcel of folded sheets he wrote a few words. From a drawer in the table he drew out several small squares of thin rubber and parchment. Placing the will and the sheets together, making a package two inches in size, he began to infold them in alternate wrappings of the rubber and vellum, securing every third layer with a turn of twine.

Thus he continued until he had placed nine successive wrappers around the parcel. pressing this between his hands, he bound it tightly with coil after coil of the strong cord.

Then he had finished his singular work, for he clipped the twine and laid the package aside. The old man was almost exhausted as he bent his aged head over the table to rest himself. It was now almost one o'clock; but Mr. Floyd continued to rest his head on the table. He was asleep. How long he lay thus, he did not know; but he was suddenly awakened by a noise at the window. He quickly raised his

head. Like lightning he sprung to his feet. Half-way in the room, through the opened window, was the form of a heavy man. and snow were blowing blindly into the room. and the gas-jet was flaring wildly—at times revealing everything, at times obscuring all ob-

There was no time to lose; the man was almost within the room. It was plain that he had once gained the window-sill, but had slipped—owing perhaps to the snow under his feet. It was thus that the noise which awakened the eleeper had been made.

The man's face was covered by a closely-fit-ting black mask; but the hands were bare, showing that the fellow was a white man. With his right hand he had grasped the ring in the shutter, while with his left he was clinging to the sill. A naked knife was clasped between

his teeth. Old Mr. Floyd grasped the iron poker by the grate, and at a bound sprung to the window. In a moment the heavy iron head descended

upon the hand grasping the ring.

Flesh and blood could not stand that blow. With a howl of pain—the knife dropping from his mouth and falling inside the room—his bruised hand loosed its grasp; the left slowly relaxed its clutch, and, with a fearful imprec tion, the man dashed backward into the dark-

The old gentleman picked up the knife. He glanced at it, and recoiled with a shudder, as of crime rudely cut upon the handle.

"My eyes are opened!" he muttered, in a tremulous tone. "This matter shall be attended to, and at an early day. But now to bedto bed! to dream over the sad, yet happy past! Alas!\_"-

CHAPTER IX

LOST AND WON. BREATHLESSLY Fred Ashe and Alice Ray stood behind the shaking canvas away back in

the rear of the huge Academy. It will be remembered by the reader, that it was there we left the two, on the approach of new-comers who readily took the vacated seats. They did not secrete themselves for the purpose of listening, but only to let the promenaders

Already a few words had been spoken by

those who sat on the bench. With a half-shudder and a vague tremor pervading her fragile form, Alice Ray turned to fly from the spot; but all was darkness round her. She could not have taken a step in any direction without attracting attention. In such an event a search would be sure to re-

sult awkwardly. Dr. Ashe leaned over and whispered in her ear to restrain herself; then he took her little hand in his own strong grasp, to encourage and

reassure her. Thus they were forced to listen, as they stood shivering in the cold wind that rattled the scenes above them.

"Nay, nay!" said the lady, in a clear, silvery voice, as she nestled close to her escort on the bench; "you jump too readily at conclusions, Clinton. You are well aware that—" "That you will have your own way in all things, Minerva, and so in this. But it mat-

ters not; I suppose you are right."

"I am right, Clinton. Fred Ashe is no friend of mine. He does not like me; and he shows it plainly, yes, rudely, whenever he gets an opportunity.

'Rudely, Minerva!" and the young man knit brow. "Give me a single instance, and his brow. I'll see Dr. Ashe, and request him to explain." He spoke very seriously.

"No; it does not matter. I care nothing for the impertinent, sneering fellow. You must have no trouble with him on my account.' There was a slight pause.

"I'll be frank with you, Minerva," said Clinton, at last. "Fred is a good fellow, and a dear good friend of mine-perbaps a slightly over-zealous one, but well meaning, nevertheless; and—well, in a word he thinks you are

very worldly, too fashionable, and—"
"The presumptious pup!" broke in the girl, with a hiss. "When and where did he get an opportunity to judge me?-and falsely at that!

"I am candid with you, Minerva, because I know that Fred judges you harshly. He even Thompson Floyd read slowly, it took him but dissuaded me from escorting you to the ball, a moment to finish. He spread the paper out and thought it ungenteel in me to break my engagement with Alice Ray!"

arm to-night?" Not like the elegant, peerless Minerva

Clayton!" was the ardent, impulsive reply. The banker's daughter bowed her head, as a half-blush swept over her voluptuous face. She trembled slightly, too—mayhap with the anticipation of a speedy and a glorious triumph. She suddenly looked up.

"I am assured of one thing, Clinton," she said; "and perhaps your mind may be set at ease by my confiding it to you." She paused and looked at him earnestly.

"Speak on, Minerva; tell me."
"Fred Ashe loves Alice Ray, the lumberman's daughter. He adores her; and she loves

"'Sh! hark! What is that?" whispered Minerva, as just then the rattling scenes shook

Young Craig heard the noise; but it did not startle him in the least. It was a sudden gust of wind, Minerva.

Can't you feel it? "Ah! yes; it was the wind. It is very chilly here.

She drew closer and more confidingly toward the young man. 'Then come, we'll go, Minerva. You

"No; keep still, Clinton," she interrupted, restraining him. "I am never cold or uncomfortable when in your company!

The words were pointed and bold. The young man colored; but the thrill that shot through his frame was delicious in the ex-

"I am glad to know it, Minerva," he said, with some confusion. "Also that Alice Ray loves my friend, Dr. Ashe. To tell you the truth," and he hesitated, "we must manage to marry this little Ray girl to your enemy, the doctor, and I will then breathe freer."

"You? how?"
"Because, Minerya—well, I have more than once thought that Alice Ray has some regard

Clinton Craig blushed like a woman. You rate yourself well, Clinton," said Minerva, rather coldly; she knew that the young man spoke the truth; and she was jealous of "little" Alice Ray—of every one who came between her ambitious self and the man whom she was working to win.

But was her love for that man genuine and self-sacrificing? Minerva asked herself this question as she sat there.

Again there was a pause.
"You, yourself, Minerva, once hinted the same to me, 'said the young man, somewhat

resentfully. Yes; but I was simply talking for pastim Enough, however, of Alice Ray; my word for it, she hates you; and I'll stake my life that she is even now engaged to Fred Ashe.

Again there was a violent shaking of the canvas; but the young folks paid no heed to it now; they knew it was nothing but the wind. I hope what you say is true, Minerva," remarked Clinton, emphatically.

To this the girl made no reply, but sat pondering for a moment. Suddenly she glanced toward her escort and said, slyly:

"Mr. Algernon Floyd-your cousin by adoption, Clinton-looked wondrously handsome and dignified to-night. Young Craig started as though struck by

knife. He colored despite himself, and bit viciously at the ends of his sweeping mustache. Minerva noticed his perturbation; she seemed to enjoy it.

I could not refuse him, when he asked me so humbly, so graciously to dance with him, she continued. "I fancy we did not make a bad looking couple, though truth be told, I like contrasts: his hair is black, so is mine. But yours, Clinton, is auburn.

These words were spoken in an insinuating apparently artless tone, while the girl's dark eyes blazed into the young man's face.

over his face. His mind was occupied with other thoughts; it was filled with the image of his dark-browed cousin. 'I like not this fellow, Algernon Floyd!" he

said, gruffly. Is it because he is less forward than your self, Clinton?' asked the girl, quietly. "Is it because his uncle, his own flesh and blood, sees fit most unnaturally to cut him off from a jus inheritance, and give the vast fortune which he has accumulated to one who is in nowise related to him?-to you, Clinton, the creature of a

Clinton winced; he set his teeth hard together, but before he could reply, the girl continued earnestly:

I tell you, my friend, that Algernon Floyd is no mean specimen of a man to insnare woman's heart; and— But then, unlucky dog and she checked herself, "he has no money." She laughed lightly and scornfully

Despite her laugh, however, she had spoken seriously, half-bitterly and enviously. Her words had found a lodgment in Clinton Craig's bosom. His brow contracted, for a moment contemptuous sneer curled his lip and a glitter

Still Minerva laughed lightly, though she knew full well that she had gone too far, and had, under the impulse of the moment, overshot the mark. But the girl looked surpassingly lovely as she stole her hand confidingly into at of the handsome fellow who sat beside her And that individual was not proof against such blandishment. At heart he loved the splendid woman, madly. His face slowly unwrinkled, the foreboding frown fled away, and a glad smile swept over it. He clasped the small,

warm hand, and murmured softly: Money or not, Minerva, there is only one such maiden as you in the wide world!" She attempted to withdraw her hand, but he

"Nor can I think, Minerva," he continued earnestly, "that you value a man simply by the size of his purse, and the credit of his I am not to be blamed that my adopted father has seen fit, as all say, to make me heir to his fortune. Yet this is not absolutely known as a fact. I do not begrudge Algernon Floyd any Yet this is not absolutely known as a thing, and if I thought I could thus secure your favor, I would gladly have him receive the entire inheritance. But, Minerva," and his voice hada stern tone of warning, "Algernon Floyd is a bad man, an envious, wicked-hearted fel I have heard dark tales of him. my dear Minerva," and he clasped her hand more tightly, "he does not love you—love you as I do. Oh! forgive me, darling one! I could not restrain myself.

Minerva Clayton did not move, nor did she show the least sign of displeasure. She allowed her warm, throbbing hand to remain impris head to his shoulder, and let it nestle there.

"And do you love me, Clinton, dear Clin

tion?" she asked in a low, sweet voice, while sh arose, looked complacently at the space he had arose, looked complacently at the space he had arose, looked complacently at the space he had leaped, and cried: "By gosh, I cleared her!" gazed tenderly at him.

"He did! Well, well; I'll be even with Fred Ashe, M. D., some day. But, Clinton, how would little Alice Ray have shone on your some degree, at least, return my love? Speak, darling one!

He stole his arm around her yielding waist.
"Do you love Alice Ray—love her in the least,
Clinton?" asked the maiden, softly, never removing her glowing eyes from his face.
"Not in the least! Before God and man

pledge you that not a pulse of my heart thrills 'Then, Clinton, I am yours, yours alone yours forever!" was the burning exclamation, the whole passionate nature of the woman bursting forth, as she lifted her ripe virgin lips

And Clinton Craig bowed his head of chestnut curls over that transcendently fascinating

face, and kissed those warm, red lips.

Wrapt in love's embrace the two heeded not he violent rattling of the canvas near them they cared not now for wind or calm. They were fairly adrift on the golden sun-lit sea of ove, and they thought of naught save the palmy breezes that wafted them over its sur-

At length, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, the young man arose, and cover-ing her half-bared shoulders with her downy opera hawl, said:
"Enough! Come, Minerva; I am happy

Come, the Academy is being deserted Tis two o'clock, and we must wend our way omeward.

The maiden arose languidly, and slipping her arm in his they walked away toward the noise As Minerva Clayton glided along by the side

of her handsome escort she murmured softly Won! won!"

But Clinton Craig heard her not; for her words were but a floating breath.

Then their footsteps ceased to echo in the long passage-way, and the brilliant couple had

Quietly, slowly, from behind the friendly Seene-shift stepped Fred Ashe.

Leaning on his arm, her head bowed, her imbs trembling, her gentle bosom heaving tu-

"Bear up, Alice!" whispered the young man, encouragingly. "I am your friend, your brother. He who has so basely, so cheaply flung ther. He who has so basely, so cheaply flung his affections away is not worthy of you. For-

But poor Alice answered not his brave words cheer; she simply murmured distractedly to herself:

'Lost! lost! They hurried away.

Like some grim phantom that haunts the night, suddenly, quietly, a tall figure emerged from the heavy shadows hanging over the cure passage, and paused in the light of the The straight pencil of light revealed the dark,

saturnine features of Algernon Floyd. The felow's face was half-wrinkled under an ominou scowl, and half-illumined by a flash of victory "Ha! ha!" he laughed, grimly. "He spok ill of me; she, glittering Jezebel! spoke well of me! Shall I compass both? Can I? Ye gods!" he continued, with an oath, "to the brave, there's no such word as fail!" Come! be still, my ambitious heart! for now the time of work

His mutterings died away as he turned and disappeared down the passage.

All was now bustle and confusion; the ball was on the wane; the hour was half-past two in

the morning, and many eyes, so bright and flashing a few brief hours before, were now dull and lusterless. The great event was near its close.

Shawls, furs, muffs, rubbers, etc., etc., were gain in requisition; and carriages, stretching out almost an interminable length on Locus street, were departing moment by moment aden with their precious living freight.

Clinton Craig was in the coat-room hunting out the articles demanded by his check. Ashe was there too, already buttoned up and loved, prepared for the wintry weather wit The physician's face was sad and serious But Clinton was all life and fire; his face was adiant with a well-won triumph

At that moment, Algernon Floyd, lofty and loomy, entered.

The room was crowded with bustling, hurry ing beaux, old and young, and each one was intent on his own business

The dark-browed Floyd walked by young Craig, and, watching his opportunity, deliber-ately whisked his cane across the young man's

In an instant Craig's face was crimson; then grew as pallid as a moonlit grave-stone as he ooked up and saw Algernon Floyd. 'Please be careful, sir," he said, sternly, as

the other paused. "Careful?" sneered Floyd. "I was careful

enough, my fancy fledgling, to strike you in the face—just as I intended to do." Dr. Ashe heard all this. He moved prompt "Dirty hound that you are!" exclaimed Clin-

ton, striding toward his insulter. Before the doctor could interfere, the two strong men had exchanged blows. There is no elling how the disgraceful affair would have erminated had not the bystanders separated

the combatants. "Shame on you, Algernon Floyd, to have provoked this disturbance!" exclaimed young Fred Ashe, with flushed cheeks. Floyd's dusky face glowed with passion as he

"Wait till this is ended, sir, and I promis to accommodate you. As for you, Clinton Craig, you shall not escape thus easily! I swear

With a mocking bow, he strode proudly and defiantly from the room.

Clinton Craig was trembling with passion, but he controlled himself; and linking his arm in that of his friend, he bowed and left the partment.

Ten minutes later, apparently undisturbed, happy and exultant again, he was jolting away in a carriage with Minerva Clayton. And that peerless maiden, her hand in his, murmured ftly to herself: Won! won!

But poor stricken Alice Ray, seated beside Dr. Ashe in the carriage that was conveying them homeward, only bowed her tearful face and muttered:

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

An amusing story is told of a backwoodsman who saw a carpet for the first time in the house of a city friend. He first thought it was some and of ornament-probably an oil painting out, perceiving a bare place at the further end f the room, he stepped back a few paces, and, with a running jump, struck the floor about six nches from the carpet. When his heels struck the floor, he slipped and fell back, but quietly

THE BATHER.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Warm from her waist her girdle she unwound, And cast it down on the insensate turt; Then copse, and cove, and deep seduded vale, She scrutinized with keen though timid eyes, And stood with ear intent to catch each stir Of leaf or twig, or bird-wing rustling there. Her startled heart beat quicker even to hear The wild bee woo the blossom with a hymn, Or hidden insect break its lance of sound Against the obdurate silence. Then she smiled, At her own fears amused, and knew herself God's own image by that hidden pool. Then from its bonds her wondrous hair she loosed, Hair glittering like spun glass, and bright as though Shot full of golden arrows. Down below Her supple waist the soft and shimmering coils Relled in their bright abundance, goldener Than was the golden wonder Jason sought.

Her fair hands then, like white doves in a net, A moment fluttered 'mid the shining threads, As with a dexterous touch she higher laid. The gleaming tresses on her shapely head, Beyond the reach of rudely amorous waves. Then from her throat her light robe she unclasped and dropped it downward with a blush that rose. The higher as the garment lower fell.

Then she cast off the sandals from her feet, And paused upon the brink of that blue lake: A sight too fair for either gods or men; An Eve untempted in her Paradise.

An Eve untempted in her Paradise.

The waters into which her young eyes looked gave back her image with so true a truth, She blushed to look, but blushing looked again—As maidens to their mirrors oft return

With bashful boldness, once again to gaze
Upon the crystal page that renders back
Themselves unto themselves, until their eyes
Confess their love for their own loveliness.
Her rounded cheeks, in each of which had grown,
With sudden blossoming, a fresh red rose,
She had an instant in her dimpled hands,
Then met her pink palms up above her head,
And whelmed her white shape in the welcomin
wave.

Around each lithesome limb the waters twined, and with their lucent raiment robed her form; and, as her hesitating bosom sunk to the caresses of bewildered waves, they foamy pearls from their own foreheads gave for her fair brow, and showered in her hair The evanescent diamonds of the deep.

The evanescent diamonds of the deep.

Thus dallying with the circumfluent tide, Her loveliness half hidden, half revealed, An Undine with a soul, she plunged and rose, Whilst the white graces of her rounded arms She braided with the blue of wandering waves, And saw the shoulders of the billow yield Before the even strokes of her small hands, And laughed to see, and held her crimson mouth Above the crest of each advancing surge, Like a red blossom pendent o'er a pool—Till done with the invigorating play.

Once more she gained the bank, and and once again Saw her twin image in the waters born.

From the translucent wave each beauty grew From the translucent wave each beauty grew To strange perfection. Never statue wrought By cunning art to fullness of all grace, And kissed to life by love, could fairer seem Than she who stood upon that grassy slope, So fresh, so human, so immaculate!
Out from the dusky cloisters of the wood The nun-like winds stole with a saintly step, And dried the bright drops from her panting form, As she with hurried hands once more let down The golden drapery of her glorious hair, That fell about her like some royal cloak Dropped from the sunset's rare and radiant loom.

# Black Eyes and Blue;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity. A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XX-CONTINUED.

THE little party of eighteen hunters and one boy rode on, under the mild, hazy sunlight, reeping well together, their weapons in faultless order, their keen eyes glancing about them, and their spirits more exuberant than ever from that consciousness of possible danger which excites just enough to exhilarate. Floss cell back to his place behind Fraser Harold. His black eyes no longer glinted like daggers, but were filled with a yearning, troubled ex-pression which would have puzzled the gay cavalier had he unwittingly surprised it.

Not an hour had passed when leisurely mount ing a slight, billowy incline they saw before them a small herd of bison, leisurely grazing.

The temptation was it esistible.

The hunters were to the windward. They widened their belt and advanced with all pos sible caution in a half-circle, coming within al most shooting distance before the leader of the nerd perceived his danger and gave the alarm. The instant that the troop signaled danger, and which made the earth tremble and shake the hunters dug their spurs into their animals' sides and dashed after them, swinging their rifles into range as they galloped. Their guide would not fire a shot. If the game was to be killed the game was to be killed

the amateurs should have all the glory.

In another half-hour three slain buffaloes umbered the plain; the rest of the herd had disappeared in the purple mist of the Indian-summer day, which was now gone past high noon; the successful hunters, in good spirits and with fearful appetites, gathered about the youngest of the three slain monsters from whose carcass one of the guides was cutting tempting steaks which another thrust on to sticks and tossed over the coals of a ire kindled from the ruins of a cottonwood. The aroma of coffee mingled with the odor of rampled grass and the pungent fragrance of wood-smoke. The tired horses were plunging their noses into the coarse but green grass which showed a little brighter along the edge of a brackish stream. The chief guide threw nimself down on the highest point of land, keepng a sharp look-out that never entirely relaxed its vigilance, he having seen to it, at first, efore anything was done toward dinner, that the rifles were all reloaded, and that each man held his weapons close at hand.

"I don't like this smoky weather," grumbled the chief; "a red-skin can creep within a hundred yards and we not see him. A hull cloud f'em mought be hanging over thar, an' we none

He kept his uneasiness, however, pretty well to himself, and the half-famished hunters made a jolly meal. Floss ate his bit of meat, his cracker, and drank his tin cup of coffee in sidence, near his master. He had two ship's biscuits handed to him, which he did not need just then, and so thrust them into the pocket f his wammus; for he knew, by experience, that it might be late before they found a suit-

able place to sup.

He rode very close to Fraser Harold that afernoon. Ever and anon he cast apprehensive clances toward the long, low range of hills which seemed as far away as ever. He had which seemed as far away as ever. wanted to die, and he had desired the death of his master—but, ah, not that way—by those hands!—and he shuddered.

The sun lay low on the bosom of the west like a copper shield—the hills were entirely hidlen from view by a purple curtain; the gallant hunters had begun to cast longing eyes about for some sign of a stream beside which

"Boys!" suddenly yelled Bill, the leader, 'try fer yonder gully-it will partially sheler us--the red-skins are swooping down on us, ot a hundred rods away. In fifteen minutes the whole brief, thrilling

episode was over—the young English snobs had een in a genuine skirmish with the Indians an experience as novel as it was undesirable. Not one had showd the white feather.

Their New York friends—the dandies of the clubs—had borne themselves with equal courage. Oh, that the delicate-faced beauties peeping from behind the lace and silk of Fifth Avenue windows at certain elegant dawdlers sauntering by could have seen those same lisping dandies behind cover of the gully, taking aim at the yelling savages with the same coolness that they took aim at a new singer with their opera-glasses—their teeth a little set, their cheeks a little pale, but their eyes flashing dauntless fire, their fingers steady on the trig-

That providential gully alone saved them from destruction. This gave them an advantage so great that the attacking party, four times their number, soon drew off, taking with them fifteen dead comrades. Of our gallant band "not one was injured," thought Bill, lookng about him in triumph.

He was mistaken. A moment after he had made his count some

one reeled on his horse and fell to the ground, It was Fraser Harold. A cry of dismay went up from his friends, mingled with the wild, ringing, frantic shriek of the boy, who flung himself from his mustang, darted to the side of the fallen man, cast himself down and raised the drooping headthe beautiful, proud head, now falling from side to side like some broken flower—on his

"Fraser! Fraser! oh, God! he is dying. Fraser

At the sound of his name called in that piercing, passionate, agonized voice, the wounded man opened his darkening eyes. "Fraser, I am here. It is your little girl—

your poor little girl. Do not die-look at me speak to me—my darling!"
"Florence, is this you?" the words came

with difficulty.

"Yes, yes. Do not be angry with me, my husband. Did you think I could keep away from you? let you go off, here, into danger—Ah, heaven! he will die, in spite of all. Help! an none of you help him?" she piteously ask ed, turning her great dark eyes, full of misery,

ler and agitation to the words of the two. Stand aside; let me see the wound," spoke the authoritative voice of the guide, kneeling on the ground beside the dying man and be ginning to tear away the clothing from over

Harold feebly shook his head, and made a motion with his hand to indicate the flask in the hunter's belt.

Bill understood, and poured a few drops of brandy between the whitening lips. All of a sudden Harold raised himself to a sitting pos-

ure, speaking quite distinctly:
"Good-by, friends. I have just a word to
ay. This lady is my wife. She is entitled to our consideration. Tell my parents to—take are—of her. I leave her all my effects—tell nem so. My dear wife, I am sorry for you. Dy ng is not very hard"—he sunk back into Florence's arms, turned his glazing eyes upward to the broad heavens and expired, with a faint struggle; no more than the shivering of a leaf in the wind, and a human life was at an end. Poor, poor, passionate, vain, undisciplined

ittle Florence Six months before she had dreamed her idle, rirlish dreams of life, as she hung over the rus-ic bridge of her native village.

Here she sat now, far, far from home or friends or any familiar thing, in the midst of a band of strange men—a widow.

Life, lived and over, in half a year! Oh, the red rose she had placed, with trem-bling hand, on the window-sill! Oh, the sumner moonlight among the trees of the park— he voice that whispered—the lips that kissed Oh, the bliss of wifehood, too brief, too min gled with shame, suspense and anguish. Oh, e whispers of vanity, telling her she was fair -the stings of desertion hissing that her power -this dead face smiling on her knee, and she -a widow.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MEETING UNDER RAINY SKIES.

CHARLIE WARD passed several tiresome, dull, unhappy days after the flight of Florence. He had nothing to do but wait—the hardest of all work. He felt uneasy about Florence and restless to hear from Violet. Every pulse of his heart tingled with impatience to once more see or hear a word from the fair girl to whom he inings of the persecutions to which Ethan Goldsborough might subject her, he had never onceived of anything half so bad as the reality But he knew that she must be lonely and ill at ease torn from those she loved, and he longed o hear from her. His joy was great, then, when a week after his own dispatches had been ent, he received a brief message: "Come over, if possible, by first steamer. Will meet you Paris," and signed by his tutor, Mr. Vernon.

The dispatch reached him on Friday; the following day he sailed on a French steamer During the voyage, which was rapid and prosperous, his moods were about equally divided between exaltation and de spondency. He might have been sent for be ause of misfortunes-he might have been sent for to share in their good fortune. Thus the cale ran up and down, while the days passed until that memorable one on which he presented himself at the landing-office in Paris most requented by Americans, and was just inquir ing for the address of his friends, when Mr Vernon came up to him and silently seized and pressed his hand.

Mr. Vernon, pale, worn, with an expression f the deepest dejection—the very sight of vhose smileless face made Charlies bounding eart quiver and stand still with a sudden. sharp certainty that something horrible had

'What is it?' he asked, turning white, poor "Come out on the street. Let us find a bench in this garden. I cannot tell you in the

Charlie followed silently by his side: his ongue was tied by a dreadful suspense—for world, he could not have asked another uestion. They sat down on a rustic seat uner a tree, with joyful children and coquettish nnes only in their vicinity; the lawyer took

the young man's hand again in his own, and ursting into tears, sobbed out: "Our darling girl is dead, Charles. She had nothing but trouble over there, and she killed

'Killed herself!" mechanically

"Yes. Her unnatural father took delight in naking her miserable. Finally, to spite her, solemnly er mother, all of us, he forced her into a mar riage with an old Jew baronet—the most destable creature that ever coveted a pure roung girl for his wife—she could not escape

"Oh," moaned Charlie, "you are killing me, too, Mr. Vernon, with this story. Oh, I can-

not bear it."
"'Man, that is born of woman, is prone to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward,'" continued Mr. Vernon. "Try to be a man, Charles, my dear boy. Her mother has had to endure it-and I. They dragged her to the altar, in a strange city, and forced her to sign the marriage register; then hurried her on board the Dover steamer, to take her to England, where the old baronet proposed passing the honeymoon. Knowing her to be desperate, and apprehensive that she might attempt to destroy herself, they would not leave her alone an instant. They had taken the evening boat, the day of the marriage, and about nine o'clock, as they sat, at her request, on deck, she, appearing very resigned and docile, with a lightning movement, leaped over the guards into the turbid waters of the Channel."

Charlie moaned and hid his face in his hands. It was several minutes before Mr. Vernon could proceed.
"They stopped the steamer and sent out all the boats at command; but the night was dark,

the sea rough—they did not find her."
"Charlie," asked his companion, after a time, "would it be any comfort to you to hear that the bad man who had leagued with her father against our poor Violet was drowned in

the effort to rescue her?" "Oh, I don't know," was the shuddering re-y, "I have no right to feel in that way." on, I don't know, was the shidatering to ply. "I have no right to feel in that way."
"True: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' We dare not be glad of his punishment; but he was punished—fearfully! He insisted on getting into one of the boats, with three sailors, capsized it by his awkwardess, was carried under the ship, and could not

be found. Their comrades had a time to save sailors, as it was. 'How is Madame D'Eglantine?" Charlie inquired, after another long pause.
"She is ill in bed; but she will not refuse to

see you, my boy.' They arose and walked slowly out into the gay boulevard. The sun still shone, the children still laughed and romped, the bright eaves fluttered down from the trees, the sky was blue, the world moved on-but to Charles Ward night was over everything. The passing walked on beside his friend, drearily, caring

for nothing. The meeting between him and Madame D'Eglantine was mournful.

"Ah!" she sighed, pressing his hand, "how gladly would I give my girl to you, were she here now. Once I thought her too fair, too good, for any one short of a fairy prince. How happy would I be, to see her sitting by you now, your promised wife.

It was more than a day before Charlie could bear to ask all the particulars of their loss, or to hear them. Gradually he learned, in addition to the main fact, that they had first received the tidings from Mr. Goldsborough himself, who had sent a telegram from Dover to Madame D Eglantine, whom he knew to be in the port they had left, in close pursuit of them. He had followed the telegram by a printed account of the disaster; and she had also had a ong letter from him, giving particulars, and

asking about Florence. "Where is he?" asked Charlie

"We believe him to be in London." "I am going to try and find him, and have personal interview. I must tell him all I know about Florence, and garner every scrap of information about this—this accident." "I wish you would, Mr. Ward," sighed Ma-

dame D'Eglantine; and Charlie left, that night, "What a comfort--what a help-such a son would be!" exclaimed the bereaved mother,

with a fresh burst of tears, after he left her Charlie arrived in London on a wet, dark, dismal December afternoon. The lamps were lighted at three o'clock, and burned dimly in the thick atmosphere. Where to go-what to do-he had not decided. He only felt pushed on by the hand of an irresistible fate to find was over! And now-this was the end of all Ethan Goldsborough. The only thing which nted itself to his mind to do was to sult the registers of the leading hotels, and to As he stumbled out of the railway carriage onto the platform, in the mist and drizzle, and stood an instant debating what hotel he should try his chances with a tall, broad-shouldered portly, handsome American gentleman of middle age walked quickly past him, with a lady

on his arm. If Charlie had inadvertantly come in conact with an electric battery he could scarcely have been more shocked.

"Ethan Goldsborough!" he cried, but not in an audible voice, for he had no wish to alarm that person, before he could speak to him. Who was that with him?

Despite of the waterproof cloak vailing the tall, slight figure, there was something about it familiar to Charlie. His heart leaped into his hroat. He could have sworn, afterward, that the clouds parted, suddenly flooding the December world with June sunshine: though no such phenonomen occurred. He did not pause to think, to hope, to fear-to observe proprietv-to avoid a scene-to do anything wise, cautious, safe. He just sprung forward after the hurrying pair, came up with them on the lady's side, reached out a quivering hand, and ore the thick vail from the features it muffled.

"How dare you, ruffian?" "Oh, I dare anything, Ethan Goldsborough! How dare you?

For Violet, with a scream of joy, had flung erself upon her lover's breast, and was clinging to him in the very street. Ay, how dare you lie to us, by telling us

he was dead?"

Mr. Goldsborough replied to this passionate question of Charlie's with a diabolical smile, hich revealed his malicious intent more fully han words could have done; though he added, "It was always a pleasure to me to do any-

thing for her mother's happiness 'Heartless scoundrel! But tell me, Violet, were you really married?"
"Yes," she answered, blushing, and turning

half away from him. "You may like to draw a crowd-I do not," interposed the father. "I propose to escape into a carriage. Come, Violet."

He hailed a coachman and the three entered

the close carriage; for Violet had clung to Charlie's hand, and nothing less than death could have made him lose sight of her. "Did he tell mamma I was dead?" the girl

a ked, as the vehicle rattled on over the muddy "Yes-vou, and-and-the other one: the

man you married.' "Sir Israel Benjamin is dead," spoke Violet,

"Thank God, Violet. I cannot be sorry to

"No, Charlie, he deserved it-yet it was terrible! And he died in the attempt to rescue from the steamer?"

'Yes—to escape Sir Israel. He came after me. The men picked me up, as by a miracle. It was thought I was dead for more than an hour; but a physician finally revived me. I was saved—and he—was swept under the vessel.

She shuddered, and grew silent. Charlie could see, even in that faint light, how wan, how almost chastly, the sweet face had grown. Her father smiled grimly, as he sat by her side. To the young man he appeared like an inquisitor, torturing his victim to death, by degrees, and enjoying the process. His heart almost burst with indignation; he could hardly refrain from laying his hands on the large white throat of the man and squeezing some of the badness out of him.

The carriage drew up before a fine hotel.

"Do you propose to inflict your company upon us?" asked Mr. Goldsborough, insolently.
"Yes, sir, for a little while. I talked with your daughter Florence less than three weeks ago. She is a wife, now; and sent a message

The smooth face of the scoundrel changed. He loved his daughter—there was no mistake

Married! my little girl a wife?" he said. "Come up to our parlor, Mr. Ward, and tell me about it

Charlie entered the hotel with them, accompanying them to their private parlor on an upper floor. Mr. Goldsborough ordered dinne to be served in the room, immediately; and, while the meal progressed, listened to what his guest had to tell him about his child. Charlie saw fit to tell only the favorable part of the

story.
"Demme, I might have known her bright in no eyes would catch her a rich husband in no time," commented the father, drinking glass after glass of champagne. Finally, coffee was placed, at the host's request, on the table; the elder man turned and stooped to pick up his napkin—the waiter had been dismissed with the appearance of the coffee—and Charlie seized the opportunity to drop a powder into his cup, which he had for some time been holding ready, in the hollow of his hand.

It was not half an hour after this before the wine, and the powerful but not dangerous opiate thus deftly administered, closed the eyes of the scheming banker in a profound sleep.

"Come, Violet, this is our opportunity. Your mother is in Paris. I will take you directly to her. We can gain the night train to Dover, if we leave here immediately. Will you trust yourself to me?'

'Will I trust an angel of light, Charlie, to save me from a demon?

Burdened with very little baggage, light of heart, bright of countenance, with a delicious consciousness of coming bliss for which they were quite willing to bide a proper time,

These lovers fled away into the storm,' leaving the wicked father to labor with his opium-dreams.

I was given that powder for the toothache. months ago," explained Charlie, laughing, when the train was once in motion and the pair felt comparatively safe. "I would not take it, but placed it carefully in my wallet for future emergencies-and lo! 'there is a time for everything under the sun.

A railway train is swift, but a telegraphic message is more swift, and twenty minutes before the London night express arrived at its station in Dover, the chief of police at that point had received an order by the wires, reading thus: "Arrest a young couple, eloping; the lady about seventeen, fair complexion, blue eyes, an American; the young gentleman, brown eyes, hair ditto and curling, an American, name Ward. Detain the lady at least, on or der of her father, who will go on for her by next train; she is not of age, consequently sub ject to his control. The young man can be allowed to proceed;" and signed by the head

of the London detective force. Ethan Goldsborough had aroused from his un timely slumbers in season to strike his veno-mous fangs once more, with a last desperate

effort, into his innocent victims. (To be continued—commenced in No 330

#### MY THOUGHT.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

"What is your thought like?" My thought is like a bubble-sphere
That rises like a silver ball;
It scarce can touch the buoyant air
Except it burst and straightway fall.

Could I but loose it from my brain
And hold it forth in colors warm,
Ah! then the Perfect Type would gain
Its place on earth in every form!

LA MASQUE,

### Vailed Sorceress THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

THE court-yard, unlike the city streets, swarmed with busy life. Pages, and attendants, and soldiers were moving hither and thither, or lounging about, preparing for the morning's journey to Oxford. Among the rest Sir Norman observed Hubert, lying very much at his ease wrapped in his cloak, on the ground, and chatting languidly with a pert and pretty attendant of the fair Mistress Stuart. He cut short his flirtation, however, abruptly enough, and sprung to his feet as he saw Sir Norman, while George immediately darted off and disappeared within the palace.

"Am I late, Hubert?" said his hurried questioner, as he drew the lad's arm within his own. and led him off out of hearing.
"I think not. The count," said Hubert, with

laughing emphasis, "has not been visible since he entered yonder doorway, and there has been no message that I have heard of. Doubtless. now that George has arrived, the message will soon be here, for the royal procession starts within half an hour.'

"Are you sure there is no trick, Hubert? Even now he may be with Leoline!'
Hubert shrugged his shoulders.

He may be; we must take our chance for that; but we have his royal word to the contrary. Not that I have much faith in that said Hubert, in parenthesis, "kings' promises and French porcelain being only made to be

"If he were king of the world instead of only England," cried Sir Norman, with flashing eyes, "he should not have Leoline while I wore

a sword to defend her!" 'Regicide!" exclaimed Hubert, holding up

"Then you did throw yourself overboard both hands in affected horror. "Do my ears deceive me? Is this the loyal and chivalrous Sir Norman Kingsley, ready to die for king and

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Sir Norman, impatiently. "Don't talk absurdly all the time, Hubert, if you can help it! I tell you any one, be he whom he may, that attempts to take Leoline from me, must reach her over my dead body!"

"Bravo! You ought to be a Frenchman, Sir Norman! And what if the lady herself, finding her dazzling suitor drop his barn-yard feathers, and soar over her head in his own eagle plumes, may not give you your coup de conge, and usurp the place of pretty Madam Stuart.' "You cold-blooded young villain! if you insinuate such a thing again, I'll throttle you!

Leoline loves me, and me alone! "Doubtless she thinks so; but she has yet to

earn she has a king for a suitor! You are nothing but a heartless cyn-"," said Sir Norman, yet with an anxious and irritated flush on his face, too. "What do you

"More than you think, as pretty Mariette yonder could depose, if put upon oath. But, riously, Sir Norman, I am afraid your case is of the most desperate; royal rivals are dangerous things!

'Yet Charles has kind impulses, and has been known to do generous acts."
"Has he? You expect him, beyond doubt,

to do precisely as he said; and if Leoline, dif-ferent from all the rest of her sex, prefers the knight to the king, he will yield her unresistingly to you."

'I have nothing but his word for it!" said Sir Norman, in a distracted tone, "and, at present, can do nothing but bide my time. I am afraid Leoline will think we have deserted her altogether, and give herself up to despair.

"I have been thinking of that, too! sed, you know, when I left her, last night, that we would return before day-dawn and rescue her. The unhappy little beauty will doubtless think I have fallen into the tiger's jaws myself, and has half-wept her bright eyes out by this

'My poor Leoline! And oh, Hubert, if you only knew what she is to you!"
"I do know! She told me she was my sis-

Sir Norman looked at him in amaze

'She told you, and you take it like this?" "Certainly, I take it like this. How would rou have me take it? It is nothing to go into

ysterics about, after all!" "Of all the cold-blooded young reptiles I ever saw," exclaimed Sir Norman, with infinite tion best."
disgust, "you are the worst! If you were told "And I you were to receive the crown of France tomorrow, you would probably open your eyes a trifle, and take it as you would a new cap!

"Of course I would. I haven't lived in ourts half my life to get up a scene for a small matter! Besides, I had an idea from the first moment I saw Leoline that she must be my sis-

ter, or something of that sort." "And so you felt no emotion whatever or nearing it?

"I don't know as I properly understand what you mean by emotions," said Hubert, reflectively. "But ye-e-s, I did feel somewhat pleased she is so like me, and so uncommonly hand-

"Humph! there's a reason! Did she tell you ow she discovered it herself?"

"Let me see-no-I think not-she simply nentioned the fact." "She did not tell you either, I suppose that

ou had more sisters than herself?" "More than herself? No. That would be a little too much of a good thing! One sister is quite enough for any reasonable mortal."

"But there were two more, my good young

"Is it possible?" said Hubert, in a tone that betrayed not the slightest symptom of emotion.

Sir Norman paused one instant, combating a strong temptation to seize the phlegmatic page by the collar, and give him such another shakng as he would not get over for a week to ut suddenly recollecting he was Leoline's brother, and by the same token a marquis or thereabouts, he merely paused to cast a withering look upon him, and walk on.

"Well," said Hubert, "I am waiting to be told.

"You may wait, then!" said Sir Norman, with a smothered growl; "and I give you joy when I tell you. Such extra communicative-

ness to one so stolid could do no good!"
"But I am not stolid! I am in a perfect agony of anxiety," said Hubert, making a gri-mace to represent the agony. "Tell me all mace to represent the agony. "Tell me all about it, Sir Norman—it is as little as you can

do for your new brother." "You young jackanapes!" said Sir Norman, half-laughing, half-incensed. "It were a wise

deed and a godly one to take you by the hind leg and nape of the neck, and pitch you over nder wall; but for your sister's sake I will "Which of them?" inquired Hubert, with

provoking gravity.
"It would be more to the point if you asked

me who the others were, I think!"

"So I have, and you merely abused me for But, I think I know one of them without being told. It is that other fac-simile of Leoline and myself who died in the robber's ruin! "Exactly. You and she, and Leoline, were twins!"

'And who is the other?"

"Her name is La Masque! Have you ever heard it? "La Masque! Nonsense!" exclaimed Hubert, with some energy in his voice, at last.

but jest, Sir Norman Kingsley!"
"No such thing! It is a positive fact! She

told me the whole story herself!"
"And what is the whole story; and why did
she not tell it to me instead of you?" "She told it to Leoline, thinking, probably, she had the most sense; and she told it to me, as Leoline's future husband. It is somewhat long to relate, but it will help to beguile the

time while we are waiting for the royal sum-

And hereupon, Sir Norman, without further preface, launched into a rapid resume of La Masque's story, feeling the cold chill with which he had witnessed it creep over him as he narra-ted her fearful end. Hubert listened, with his dark eyes fixed on the ground, and his face a perfect blank wall for all the emotion or ex-

ement it expressed. "It struck me," concluded Sir Norman, that it would be better to secure any papers she might possess at once, lest, by accident, they should fall into other hands; so I rode there directly, and, in spite of the cantankerous old porter, searched diligently, like the woman after the goat, until I found them. Here they are," said Sir Norman, drawing forth the roll. "A voluminous packet, you perceive; and every one worth a thousand times its weight in

gold!"
"And what do you intend doing with them?" inquired Hubert, glancing at them with an unmoved countenance.

ration of your rights.

himself so much trouble for the Earl of Roches-

worthy mate even for a Kingsley," said Hu- the palpitating heart was throbbing away in bert, in his careless way, taking Sir Norman's short pulses, safe and sound, under her pinkenthusiasm with stoical indifference. "Has La satin corsage, the knocking still continued, Masque left nothing for her?"

it is full of jewels worth a king's ransom. I found them in a drawer of La Masque's house, with directions that they were to be given to startled heart, she called: "Come in!" and the her sisters at her death. Miranda being dead, door opened and George entered. I presume they are all Leoline's now."

Hubert, musingly; "and I am greatly mistaken if King Louis will not regard it as a very retty little work of fiction, much more suited to the ancient days of harpers and troubadours, than to the seventeenth century.

"But I have proofs, lad! The authenticity of these papers cannot be doubted."

'With all my heart. I have no objection to be made a marquis of, and go back to la belle France, out of this land of plague and fog. Won't some of my friends here be astonished when they hear it, particularly the Earl of Ro-chester, when he finds out that he has had a marquis for a page? Ah, here comes George, and bearing a summons from Count L'Estrange

Hubert guessed aright. George approached, and intimated that Sir Norman was to follow him to the presence of his master.

"Au revoir, then," said Hubert. "You will

find me here when you come back."
Sir Norman, with a slight tremor of the nerves at what was to come, followed the king's page through halls and ante-rooms, full of loi rers, courtiers and their attendants. Once a hand was laid on his shoulder, a laughing voice met his ear, and the Earl of Rochester stood beside him!

"Good-morning, Sir Norman; you are abroad etimes. How have you left your friend, the

Count L'Estrange?'
"Your lordship has probably seen him since I have, and should be able to answer that ques-

"And how does his suit progress with the pretty Leoline?" went on the gay earl. faith, Kingsley, I never saw such a charming little beauty; and I shall do combat with you vet-with both the count and yourself, and outwit the pair of you!"

"Permit me to differ from your lordship. Leoline would not touch you with a pair of tongs.

"Ah! she has better taste than you give her credit for; but if I should fail, I know what to do to console myself."

"May I ask what?" "Yes! there is Hubert, as like her as two leas in a pod. I shall dress him up in lace and silks, and gewgaws, and have a Leoline of my own already made to order."

"Permit me to doubt that, too! Hubert is

as much lost to you as Leoline!"

Leaving the volatile earl to put what construction pleased him best on this last senenticus remark, he resumed his march after George, and was ushered, at last, into an anteroom near the audience-chamber. Count L'Estrange, still attired as Count L'Estrange, stood near a window overlooking the court-yard, and as the page salaamed and withdrew, he turned round and greeted Sir Norman with his suavest

The appointed hour is passed, Sir Norman Kingsley, but that is partly your own fault. Your guide hither tells me that you stopped for some time at the house of a fortune-teller. known as La Masque. Why was this?"

'I was forced to stop on most important business," answered the knight, still resolved to treat him as the count, until it should please him to doff his incognito, "of which you shall hear anon. Just now, our business is with Leoline.

"True! And as in a short time I start with yonder cavalcade, there is but little time to lose. Apropos, Kingsley, who is that mysterious

voman, La Masque?" "She is, or was, (for she is dead now,) a French lady, of noble birth, and the sister of

"Her sister! And have you then discovered Leoline's history?"

"I have!" "And her name?"

"And her name. She is Leoline De Montnorenci! And with the proudest blood of France in her veins living obscure and unown—a stranger in a strange land since childhood; but, with God's grace and your help, I hope to see her restored to all she has lost, be-

fore long."
"You know me, then?" said his companion, half-smiling. "Yes, your majesty," answered Sir Norman, bowing low before the king.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINIS. As the last glimpse of moonlight and of Hu-bert's bright face vanished, Leoline took to pacng up and down the room in a most conflicting and exciting state of mind. So many things had happened during the past night; so rapid and nprecedented had been the course of events; so changed had her whole life become within the last twelve hours, that when she came to think it all over it fairly made her giddy.

Dressing for her bridal; the terrible announcement of Prudence; the death-like swoon; the awakening at the plague-pit; the maniac flight through the streets; the cold plunge in the river; her rescue; her interview with Sir Norman, and her promise; the visit of La Masque; the appearance of the count; her abduction; her journey here; the coming of Hubert, and their suddenly-discovered relationship. It was enough to stun any one; and the end was not Would Hubert effect his escape? Would they be able to free her? What place was this, and who was Count L'Estrange? It was a great deal easier to propound this catechism to herself than to find answers to her own questions; and so she walked up and down, worrying her pret-ty little head with all sorts of anxieties, until it was a perfect miracle that softening of the brain

did not ensue. Her feet gave out sooner than her brain. though; and she got so tired before long, that she dropped into a seat, with a long-drawn, anxious sigh. She listened for some noise some token—that might give her an idea, however faint, what manner of place this was; but she listened in vain; and, worn out with fatigue and watching, she, at last, fell uncon-

ciously asleep.

"Show them to the king, and, through his her that the count and Sir Norman were bemediation with Louis, obtain for you the resto- fore her, in her chamber in the old house on London Bridge, tossing her heart between "And do you think his majesty will give them like a sort of shuttlecock, while La Masque stood grinning horribly with her skeleton-mouth, and looking out of her skeleton-"I think he will take the trouble to see justice done, or at least he ought to. If he declines, we will take the matter in our own the poor little fluttering heart, as if it were hands, my Hubert; and you and I will seek an anvil and they were a pair of blacksmiths, Louis ourselves. Please God, the Earl of Ro- while the loud knocks upon it resounded chester's page will yet wear the coronet of through the room. Gradually, the knocking grew so loud that Leoline awoke in affright— "And the sister of a marquis will be no un- awoke to find it not all a dream. For, though echoing strangely through the silent room "Do you see this casket?" tapping the one of carved brass dangling from his belt; "well, not comprehend what it meant; but, at last. not comprehend what it meant; but, at last, she became conscious that some one was rap-

"Count L'Estrange commands me to inform 'This is a queer business alt gether!" said you, fair lady, that he will do himself the pleasure of visiting you immediately, with Sir Norman Kingsley, if you are prepared to receive

> Leoline opened her bright black eyes so wide at this announcement, that George repeated his

> message more emphatically than before.
> "With Sir Norman Kingsley!" repeated Leoline, faintly. "I—I am afraid I do not quite understand." "Then you will not be much longer in that

deplorable state," said George, backing out, "for here they are." He vanished as he spoke, and instantaneously Leoline saw in his place the bland face of Count L'Estrange, and right behind that of Sir Norman Kingsley. In a violent tremor and agitation she arose, and with pale face parted lips and dilated eyes waited for what

'Pardon this intrusion, fairest Leoline," began the count, "but Sir Norman and I are about to start on a journey, and before we go there is a little difference of opinion between us

that you are to settle.' Leoline looked first at one and then at the other, utterly bewildered. The count's impassive face said nothing, but in Sir Norman's smiling eyes there was a world of encourage

What is it?" she asked.

"A simple matter enough. Last evening, if you recollect, you were my promised bride."
"It was against my will," said Leoline, boldly, though her voice shook. "You and Prudence made me."

"Nay, Leoline, you wrong me. I, at least, used no compulsion "You know better! You haunted me con tinually; you gave me no peace at all; and I would just have married you to get rid of

"And you never loved me?"

I never did." "A frank confession! Did you, then, love

The dark eyes fell, and the roseate glow again tinged the pearly face.
"Mute!" said the count, with an almost imperceptible smile. "Look up, Leoline, and

But Leoline would do neither. With all her momentary daring gone, she stood shy and startled as a wild gazelle.

claimed Sir Norman, his own cheek flushed. 'Leoline! Leoline! you love me!" Leoline was silent; but there was a quick uplifting of the sweeping eyelashes that spoke en-

"Shall I answer for her, Sir Count?" ex-

cyclopedias. "You are to decide between us, Leoline. Though the count forcibly brought you here, he has been generous enough to grant this. Say, then, which of us you love best.

"I do not love him at all," said Leoline, with a little disdain, "and he knows it." "Then it is I!" said Sir Norman, his whole face beaming with delight. "It is you!"

Glancing askance at the count under her drooping eyelids, Leoline held out both hands to the loved one, and nestled close to his side, as a child would to its protector. "Fairly rejected!" said the count, with a

passing shade of mortification on his brow: "and, my word being pledged, I must submit. But, beautiful Leoline, you have yet to learn

whom you have discarded." Clinging to her lover's arm, the girl grew white with undefined apprehension. Leisurely the count removed false wig, false eyebrows, false beard; and a face well-known to Leoline from pictures and descriptions, turned full upon

"Sire!" she cried, in terror, falling on her knees with clasped hands.

"Nay; rise, fair Leoline," said the king, holding out his hand to assist her. "It is my place to kneel to one so lovely, instead of hav-ing her kneel to me. Think again. Will you reject the king as you did the count?"

"Pardon, your majesty!" said Leoline, scarcely daring to look up; "but I must!"
"So be it! You are a perfect miracle of truth and constancy, and I think I can afford to be generous for once. In fifteen minutes we extent for Oxford start for Oxford, and you must accompany us as Lady Kingsley. In anticipation of some such result as this, I have left behind me orders. A tiring woman will wait upon you to robe you for your bridal. We will leave you

now, and let me enjoin expedition."

And while she still stood too much astonished by the sudden proposal to answer, both were gone, and in their place stood a smiling lady's lady, with a cloud of gossamer white in

"Are those for me?" inquired Leoline, looking at them, and trying to comprehend that it was all real.

"They are for you—sent by Mistress Stuart herself. Please sit down, and all will be ready in a trice. And in a trice all was ready. The shining,

jetty curls were smoothed, and fell in a glossy shower, trained with jewels—the pearls Leoline herself still wore. The rose satin was discarded for another of bridal white, perfect of fit, and splendid of texture. A great gossamer vail fell like a cloud of silver mist over all, from head to foot; and Leoline was shown herself in a mirror, and in the sudden transformation, could have exclaimed, with the unfortunate lady in Mother Goose, shorn of her tresses when in balmy slumber: "As sure as I'm a little woman, this is none of it!" But she it was, nevertheless, who stood listening like one in a crance, to the enthusiastic praises of her waiting-maid.

Again there was a tap at the door. This time the attendant opened it, and George reappeared. Even he stood for a moment looking at the silver-shining vision, and so lost in admiration that he almost forgot his message. But when Leoline turned the light of her beautiful eyes inquiringly upon him, he managed to rediously asleep.

And sleeping, she dreamed. It seemed to sent by the king to usher her to the royal pre-

sence. With a fast-throbbing heart, flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes, the dazzling bride followed him, unconscious that she had never looked so incomparable before in her life. was but a few hours since she had dressed for another bridal; and what wonderful things had occurred since then-her whole destiny had changed in a night. Not quite sure yet but that she was still dreaming, she followed on saw George throw open the great doors of the audience-chamber, and found herself suddenly in what seemed to her a vast concourse of people. At the upper end of the apartment was a brilliant group of ladies, with the king's beautiful favorite in their midst; and here and there, along its length, were many others, gossiping with knots of gentlemen. The king himself stood in the recess of a window, with his brother, the Duke of York, the Earl of Rochester, and Sir Norman Kingsley, and was laughing and relating animatedly to the two peers the whole story. Leoline noticed this, and noticed, too, that all wore traveling-dresses -most of the ladies, indeed, being attired in riding-habits; and then, as a profound silence fell, and all eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her as she entered, she stopped in embarrassment, glowing like the heart of a June rose.

The king himself advanced to her rescue. Drawing her arm within his, he led her up and presented her to the fair Stuart, who received ner with smiling graciousness; though Leoline, all unused to court ways, and aware of the lovely lady's questionable position, returned it almost with cold hauteur. Charles being in an unusually gracious mood, only smiled as he noticed it, and introduced her next to his brother of York, and her former short acquaintance.

"There's no need, I presume, to make you acquainted with this other gentleman," said Charles, with a laughing glance at Sir Norman. 'Kingsley, stand forward and receive your oride. My Lord of Canterbury, we await your bride.

good office The bland bishop, in surplice and state, and book in hand, stepped from a distant group, and advanced. Sir Norman, with a flush on his cheek, and an exultant light in his eyes, took the hand of his beautiful bride, who stood lovely, and blushing, and downcast, the envy and admiration of all. And

"Before the bishop now they stand,
The bridegroom and the bride;
And who shall paint what lovers feel
In this, their hour of pride?"

Who, indeed? Like many other pleasant things in this world, it requires to be felt to be appreciated; and, for that reason, it is a subject on which the unworthy chronicler is altogether incompetent to speak. The first words of the ceremony dropped from the prelate's ur-bane lips, and Sir Norman's heart danced a tarantula within him. "Wilt thou?" inquired the bishop, blandly, and slipped a plain gold ring on one pretty finger of Leoline's hand; and all heard the old, old formula: "What God hath put together, let no man put asunder!" And the whole mystic right was over. Leoline gave one earnest glance at the ring on her fin-Long ago, slaves wore rings as the sign of their bondage—is it for the same reason mar-ried women wear them now? While she yet looked half-doubtfully at it, she was surrounded, congratulated, and stunned with a sudden of voices; and then, through it all, she heard the well-remembered voice of Count L'-

Estrange, saying: "My lords and ladies, time is on the wing, and the sun is already half an hour high! Off with you all to the court-yard, and mount, while Lady Kingsley changes her wedding-gear for robes more befitting travel, and joins us

With a low obeisance to the king, the lovely bride hastened away after one of the favorite's attendants, to do as he directed, and don a riding-suit. In ten minutes after, when the royal cavalcade started, she turned from the peststricken city, too—and fairest, where all was fair, by Sir Norman's side rode Leoline.

Sitting one winter night by a glorious winter fire, while the snow and hail lashed the winand the wind roared like Bo weaver, without, a pleasant voice whispered the foregoing tale. Here, as it paused abrupty, and seemed to have done with the whole thing, I naturally began to ask questions. What happened the dwarf and his companions? What became of Hubert? Did Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley go to Devonshire, and did either of them die of the plague! I felt myself, when I said it, that the last suggestion was beneath contempt, and so a withering look from the face opposite proved; but the voice was oblig-ing enough to answer the rest of my queries. The dwarf and his cronies being put into his majesty's jail of Newgate, where the plague was raging fearfully, they all died in a week, and so managed to cheat the executioner. Hubert went to France, and laid his claims before the royal Louis, who, not being able to do otherwise, was graciously pleased to acknowledge them; and Hubert became the Marquis de Montmorenci, and in the fullness of time took unto himself a wife, even of the daughters of

the land, and lived happy for ever after.

And Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley did go to the old manor in Devonshire, where—saith tradition and my informant—there is to be seen to this day, an old family picture, painted some twelve years after, representing the knight and his lady, sitting serenely in their "ain ingle nook" with their family around them. Sir Norman, a little portlier, a little graver, in the serious dignity of pater familias; and Leoline, with the dark, beautiful eyes, the falling, shining hair, the sweet-smiling lips, and lovely, placid face of old. Between them, on three creepies, sit three little boys; while the fourth, and youngest, a miniature little Sir Norman, leans against his mother's shoulder, and looks thoughtfully up in her sweet, calm face. the fate of those four, the same ancient lore af-firms: "That the eldest afterward bore the title of Earl of Kingsley; that the second became a lord high admiral, or chancellor, or something equally hifalutin; and that the third became an archbishop. But the highest honor of all was reserved for the fourth, and youngest," coninued the narrating voice, "who, after many days, sailed for America, and, in the course of time, became President of the United

Determined to be fully satisfied on this point, at least, the author invested all her spare change in a catalogue of all the said Presidents, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln, and, after a diligent and absorbing perusal of that piece of literature, could find no such name as Kingsley whatever; and has been forced to come to the conclusion that he must have applied to Congress to change his name on arriv-ing in the New World, or else that her infornant was laboring under a falsehood when she

told her so. As for the rest, "I know not how the truth may be, I say it as 'twas said to me."

THE END.

TRUE love rejoiceth at the prosperity of the

BY JOE JOT, JR.

She weighed two hundred precious pounds; Her age was just a score I doted on her as my all— If not a great deal more.

I looked more like an arrow then, Although I was her beau, And all my love encircled her— As far as it would go.

Large-hearted was this charming maid; Her love was not alloyed; When she was absent from my sight, She left an awful void.

And when beside her I would sit,
I was a worshiper
Whose eyes entranced could never see
Anything else but her.

No one could e'er conceive the hopes I used to revel in Of some day making her my own, And she was much to win.

And sne was much to win.

I always had her in my heart
As much as I could get,
And so my heart was always full,
As you might freely bet.

She was a weight upon my mind,
As you could well infer;
I made a good deal of that girl—
For there was much of her.

My hopes of her were always large-Oh, many tons they weighed! I used to ponder on her long— She was a ponderous maid. The girl was large and I was small; I was content with fate; She lean-iently leaned on me With love that had some weight.

I treated her with tenderness,
And tended her with care,
For if she had got down on me,
She would have crushed me there

I longed to make a wife of her, She was enough for three; I thought she was a burden that I could support with glee. But when I asked her to be mine, Into my arms she fell, And mashed me down upon the floor— And crushed my love as well.

### Yankee Boys in Ceylon: THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

II.—HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

For the rest of the day and the night which followed, the Flyaway lay at her anchors, and the watch kept the deck. It was a stormy anchorage, but quite as good as Colombo, the chief city on that coast, which is nothing more than an open roadstead; and this was in a measure protected by the reefs in front. Besides, at this point, there was a strong undertow, which acted against the wind, keeping the

schooner steady What is an undertow? some of my readers

may ask.

The waves, dashing upon a low shore, run out again immediately along the sloping bottom. While the waves are rolling in above, a strong current is running out below. The wa ter in which the Flyaway lay was very shallow, and this current caught her, and did its best to drive her out to sea, while the wind struggled with it for the mastery. The result of these two nearly equal forces was as that of two strong wrestlers of equal power. The schooner rode securely at her anchors, driven neither one way nor the other. This is the undertow, and Modo knew what he was doing

Morning broke, and the boy officers were on deck, breathing in the spicy fragrance from this delightful isle. The odor of the cinnamon trees came to their nostrils, the frail palm waved its umbrella-shaped top in the air, and the distant bay of the wild dog came to their ears. They were on the threshold of a land which carries its history back for centuries—a small island, having more population than many of the greatest States in our Union—an

We shall be at them soon, my boy," explained the sailing-master; "I don't want to stav inside these reefs any longer than is neces-

sary If the sahib will listen to the words of his slave," put in Modo, "and would like to hunt the buffalo, I can quickly take him to the place where they dwell.

"The rascal is a good hunter," confessed Dave, turning to the young men. "If he has a mind to be faithful, there is not a better man in Ceylon to find the game.

This seems to be very good holding ground, and the wind has gone down, captain," replied "If you think it safe for us to land with this fellow for a guide we will do so. Modo, you know me pooty well by this time, don't you?"

The man replied by a grin. "I thought so. Now I'm going to send you ashore with these young men. If they git hurt in the way of business that's their lookout, and I don't visit it on you. But, if they git hurt through the gineral cussidness of *your* natur',

'May I eat dirt if I do not guide the American sahibs safely," replied Modo. He is a brave fellow enough, 'All right.

and will fight until the last leg goes from under him, but he is a born thief. He steals just for fun, and robbed me in a hundred ways when I was in Kandy in '69. I can't go with you, this trip, because it's my duty to look after the schooner, don't you see

"I'll trust him," averred Richard. "Lower away the boats, and send us ashore. You only need put two men in each boat, to take care of them while we are on the hunt.

The boats were quickly in the water, each of the young men pulling an oar, and in half had taken each two rifles, both long range pieces, which they had chosen out of the many offered, as the best, all things considered. boys had been mighty hunters in their own They had tramped through the "Shadagee" in the Canada woods, and had hunted on the plains of the West. The man who taught them to shoot understood his business, and although they had not much faith in hitting a 'bull's-eye" on a target with precision, they knew how to kill a buffalo or a deer on the leap, and that was better. If Dave Sawyer had not been witness of their skill in many instances he would have gone with them upon this expedition.

Modo had been nicknamed "Pete" on the spot, and his companion, whose name was unpronouncable, received the beautiful nom de plume of "Luke McGluke," and bore the name proudly, as something given him by the American sahibs," for whom he had the high-

'Now then, Pete," said Ned, "you promised to show us some game."

"I can do it, sahib," answered the man, quietly, "and what I say shall be done. Do you want gun-bearers? Here are many."

As he spoke a motley crew of dark-faced men

in the same "undress" uniform worn by the pilots, came trooping down to the beach.
"Pick out two," ordered Richard. "You may carry my spare gun, and Luke can take charge of Ned's."

I am a hunter!" replied Modo, proudly,

"I must have my own gun and shoot.
"All right!" responded Richard. your men, and I will pay them.

The men were quickly selected, and took the spare rifles proudly. Will had a Winchester carbine, a sixteen-shooter, and, as a spare gun, the Remington. He was not quite as good a shot as his brothers, and, calculating upon this, he had a reserve in the repeating weapon, as he did not need to load so often. The men who had been selected as bearers looked down with lofty pride upon their compatriots, who had not been distinguished by the sahibs from the West. They stepped off with a martial air in the rear of the little party, ready, if the truth must be told, to run like black sheep in the hour of danger. The coast was low at this point, and they crossed a sort of swale, overgrown with thick jungle grass.

"Pete," with the air of a major-general, stalked on in front, turning now and then to administer a haughty reproof to some of the bearers, who had presumed upon their sudden advancement so far as to speak aloud. After a march of half a mile they came to higher ground, and began the ascent of a little ridge, covered with dense jungle, through which they forced their way with great difficulty. Modo raised his hand for silence as they reached the top of the ridge, and the bearers began to los the haughty air which had so far distinguished

"Buffalo!" said the guide, briefly. They looked down into a little circular val-ley, in the center of which was a small lake, or rather large pond—for Ceylon has not any lakes, properly so called. The banks of this pond were low and bare of vegetation, and a number of dark spots were seen, moving about upon the verge. At that distance, nearly three miles, the Americans could not make them out. But Will had a field-glass, which he brought to bear upon the moving objects. They were six in number, huge creatures with shaggy fronts and cumbrous horns—the wild buffalo of the

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, as he took the glass in his turn. "They are big fellows, Dick. One, two, three, four full grown and two young

ns. Let's get at them."
"Wait!" ordered Modo. "I can send the buffalo to you, and then you will not have so far to carry the heads. The American sahibs like the head best, and the Cingalese are not oo proud to take what they leave. They will eat the rest.

Does he think we eat the heads?" asked

Will, laughing.
"Do your work!" commanded Richard, briefly. Modo turned to the bearers and spoke to them in their own tongue. Two dropped their rifles and turned to the right and left, skirting the valley to reach the other side. "There are two paths where they will come

out," announced Modo. "This is one of them, "I'll stay here with the Winchester, boys," decided Will Wade. "I'll be bound they don't go through this pass under the fusillade I'll give

"Don't kill them all before they get to us,

Will," suggested Ned, laughing.
"Oh no," was the answer; "but you must not expect me to leave you more than one

The boys followed Pete across the crest of the ridge until they reached a place where another path led out of the valley. On each side of this pass they stationed themselves and looked out toward the huge game, which had left the water now, and were feeding quietly upon the rich grass further up the valley. Half island which, small as it was, had once been upon the rich grass further up the valley. Half the seat of seven independent monarchs at the an hour passed; then they saw one of the bulls same time—the land where Sir Samuel Baker, with "Rifle and Hound," had struggled with the giant elephant, the tiger and the buffalo.

"Why can't we land?" demanded Ned Wade.
"I want to give the guns a trial."

an nour passed; then they saw one of the bulls suddenly erect his head and look wildly toward the other side of the pond, as two dark figures darted out, with wild shouts and uncouth gestures. The bearers who had been save tures. sudden apparition, the buffaloes turned and tore wildly down the valley, followed by the two bearers on the run, shouting and waving their hands above their heads. In spite of the frantic speed of the herd these men kept up to them, urging them to new exertions as they Will crouching in the jungle, saw that ran. they were heading directly for his pass, and laid his Winchester in the rest which he had formed by thrusting two crossed sticks into the earth, and, lying down behind it in the western tyle, with his left elbow on the earth, he

> He knew well that the Winchester, while not so good as a breech or muzzle loader at long range, was trusty at close quarters, hence he did not fire until they were within easy range. Then, looking through the double sights, he opened fire upon them. His first shot glanced from the horn of the leading bull and stung him to madness, for a roar broke from his hroat of such terrible volume that the bearer who stood behind the young hunter began to look down the ridge to see which way he should un. At the second shot the bull went down. shot through the heart, and the bearer pressed the spare gun upon the young hunter, for he had never heard of a weapon which could be discharged more than twice. To his horror, the youngster did not move, but sent another ball among the buffaloes with deadly effect for a calf dropped before it. The bearer started up, and as the fourth shot echoed through the nills, he picked up his active heels and went flying through the jungle, determined that not for fee or reward would he stay with a conjuror, who had a gun which was always loaded! The last shot did the business, and the four remaining buffaloes turned away from that deadly fusillade, and went flying along the ridge in the direction of the second pass, little dream-

ing of the reception which awaited them there. The rest of the party were waiting. They had witnessed, from their hiding place in the bushes, the valorous conduct of Will, and at one time Richard began to think that the boy would not even be as good as his word—give them "one apiece" to shoot at. But, when the herd turned and came tearing down toward I've bored you, Hetherington. After ali them, they were all excitement.

"Here they come!" whispered Dick, as he made ready his Remington. "Oh, look at them, will you! There is more real game in those fellows than half a dozen of our buffalo. Look at those horns-what heads for my mu-

"Keep still," called Ned, softly, as he brought up his breech-loader. "Here they are.

Three rifles spoke together, for Modo fired with the rest, and what is more, made a capital shot. Richard's bullet was flattened against the frontal bone of the leading bull; the second plunged forward with Ned's ball in his shoulder. while a third dropped dead in his tracks before the unerring aim of Pete."

The fourth, a gigantic bull, caught sight of Richard as he stood erect, reaching behind him for the spare rifle in the hands of "Luke McGluke." But that worthy, seeing the bull charging straight at them, at once showed a clean pair of heels, taking with him the two spare rifles. Beside the rifles, the boys always carried revolvers, navy Colts of the heaviest kind. Richard snatched this weapon from his belt and fired three shots as fast as he could cock the weapon. Every ball told, but the huge beast only shook his shaggy head and dashed on. Two more shots were fired, when Ned, pistol in hand, dashed up to aid his brother, reckless of his own life. Dick fired his last shot when the muzzle of his weapon almost touched the front of the buffalo, and then bounding rapidly aside, he turned to run, when a shout from Ned called him back. He did not hear the beat of hoofs behind him, and whirling suddenly, he saw the buffalo slowly sinking to the earth, the white foam dropping from his distended nostrils. A moment more and he came to the earth with a crash, and they all saw that he was dead. The last shot, fired when scarcely a pace separated them, had done the work, piercing through the glaring eye to the very brain. Richard drew a long sigh of relief.

"I thought I was done for," he admitted.
"Where is that scoundrel Luke? I'll give him
the worst dressing down he ever got."

"He is a coward," said Pete, loftily. "You see that it is best to trust in one whose arm is mighty in the hunt and in battle.

"You have behaved well," replied Richard.
"Will you speak to the Sahib Sawyer, and

"Yes; load up again, and finish that fellow with the broken shoulder. The other is off." Ned loaded quickly, and running up close, sent a ball through the heart of the wounded buffalo. The one which had been hit by Richard, in the first instance, had charged past them and escaped, but five out of the six had been laid low.

At a peculiar signal from Modo, fifty Cinga lese appeared from as many hiding places, and, amid shouting and rejoicing, the heads were separated from the bodies of the three largest bulls, and a party selected to carry the calf which Will had killed to the ship. The rest of the meat was given to the villagers, and while that lasted there was feasting and rejoicing among the Cingalese, who remember to this day the hour the Americans landed on their "Luke McGluke" streaked back among the rest, but Richard took the guns from him, "lifted" him with all the force of a number eight boot, and so discharged him, while Pete looked on calmly, caring nothing for the dis-grace of his comrade. Then they returned to the schooner, and before nightfall, with their trophies, they were outside the reefs, heading toward Colombo, where they meant to land for

# Alice King's Inheritance.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Pretty! Why, man, it is simply the most exquisite face I ever saw in my life. Alice King, did you say her name was?"

Chauncey Hetherington's own face, as handsome as a god's, with its grave, splendid blue eyes, its dark gold-brown beard, worn on the sides of his fair face, cut pointed and flowing away from his perfect chin, with its heavy drooping mustache, its gold-brown hair, halfurling over his splendid head—this fair, faultless face of Chauncey Hetherington was all alight with enthusiasm as he turned for a second look at the slender young girl who had pass ed his vision for one second, with vail uplift ed, as she stopped for an ardent, admiring glance at a group of Rogers' statuary in the elegant show-window of the store, just inside which Chauncey Hetherington had been have ing a brief, chance chat with one of the pro-

Old Mr. Falstone smiled at Hetherington's unusual interest.

'She is as pretty a little bit of flesh and blood as one would wish to see, and as noble a girl as lives. I've only known her a short time -known her by sight and reputation, I mean -but all I see, and all I hear, tends to highte both admiration and respect. Her story is like a leaf from a romance

Mr. Hetherington's handsome eyes were all ager attention.

You can see at a glance she is a young lady of refinement and culture and breeding—her very walk indicates it; and yet she is very poor, so poor she was obliged to open a smal heap boarding-house a few months ago to obtain means of support for herself and young rother, an unfortunate little lad-lame or olind. I think—a boy of seven or so, with a face like one of Guido's angels.

Chauncey suddenly straightened from his attitude of lazy, graceful enjoyment of Mr.

"A boy, lame or blind-with a face like an He repeated the words almost mechanically:

then, an expression of sudden, bewildered surprise dawned on his face. 'Yes," answered Mr. Falstone. "But that is not the creme of the story. It seems that

Miss King was born and reared in luxury, all her life had been led to expect she and little Felix would be her grandfather's heirs-Chauncey interrupted him.

"Felix! The boy's name is Felix, then?" Mr. Falstone looked a little surprised at the grave interest that had suddenly taken the place of Hetherington's first curiosity

Felix-and he and Alice would have been the heirs of the magnificent Maijoram estate-Hetherington, you're smitten with her, you actually gave a nervous start then!-but, as I was saying, the old gentleman in a fit of anger because the young lady refused to marry somebody he had set his heart on, revoked his will, and died very suddenly before he had time to come to his senses—as everybody beieves he would have done. But, Miss Alice and little Felix are beggars, while some far-off relative of old Mr. Maijoram's away off in the South fell heir, in consequence of an unfortunate fit of wrath-fortunate enough for him but certainly unlucky enough for pretty Miss Alice. But I see I've made too long a yarn. was only a pretty face that momentarily charmed vou.'

Chauncey arose leisurely "No, you haven't bored me at all. Very ro mantic little story-very romantic, Falstone. I suppose you'll send around the goods I've or lered to-day? I won't keep you any longer.

He strolled leisurely into Broadway, so hand ome, so graceful, so completely a man to woo women's hearts-whom no woman had ever yet been able to quicken a heart-beat

"Alice King—so that's old Mr. Maijoram's granddaughter's name? I'd heard of Felix before-but nobody ever told me when the Maioram estate came so mysteriously, so suddenly to me-that I had beggared a girl with the

purest, noblest, sweetest face I ever looked at. how undeserving I am of such love, but, God Wouldn't marry a man she didn't love for the immense fortune I feel I have actually stolen me. Alice, I want to ask you something. immense fortune I feel I have actually stolen from her! And I know she'd marry the man she did love if he hadn't the second coat to his back! Alice King—Alice King—what a sweet name—and keeps a boarding-house! I'll know where before I'm a day older!"

And Mr. Chauncey Hetherington bowed and smiled as he promenaded up Broadway, and be so happy, won't we, darling? scores of fair-faced women felt their hearts yearn toward him, in his grand, perfect beauty

A cozy little room in which seemed centered all the warmth and beauty and freshness of a June day; with one window almost hidden by flowers that grew luxuriantly under the watch ful care of little Felix King; vines running in perfect riot of greenness and gracefulness wherever the boy's artistic eyes had seen fit to train them; a gilt-wire bird-cage where a goldthroated canary swung contented among the summer-like greens; an aquariam, where goldfish and curious little sea creatures went darting through forests of ferns, over rocks of coral, and beds of shells. A room where there were books and music and games—where Alice King had gathered together all that was left of the elegancies of her old life at Pineside, so that the delicately-nurtured boy who never stirred a step without such painful distress that most of his life had been passed on the brightcrims n silk lounge that in winter was drawn up by the fire, that in summer stood in the coolest, shadiest room—so that Felix, with his face like a "Guido's angel," and his nature and disposition correspondingly sweet, might suffer as little as possible from the great, sudden change

in his condition. But two years had gone by, and, for all his delicate beauty and softness, the boy had never once complained of the great difference—except as it affected his darling Alice—fair, fair Alice, whom he worshiped as only she de-

Very few friends had been sought or accepted by these two brave, yet shrinking people: Mr. Dayton, the kind old gentleman who leased them the house and boarded out the rental with old Miss Warren, who occupied the sec-ond floor and had her meals in his rooms; goodnatured, garrulous, devoted Nancy, who was working housekeeper and chef de cuisine—and, their latest new comer, Mr. Kenneth, the very handsomest fellow that ever lived, Felix declared, enthusiastically, Mr. Kenneth, the literary gentleman who spent so much of his time at his office in the city, but who was the light of the house the moment he crossed its threshold on his return.

He with little Miss Warren and old Mr. Dayton had the entree of Felix's delightful little sitting room, and Alice had learned, in these days and weeks of friendly companionship, to look upon Mr. Kenneth as—well, as somebody who had the power, for the first time in her life, of making her heart quicken its beats, her cheeks grow more deliciously pink, at sight and sound of his coming.

Then, when their intimacy had been fully established, Felix took him into their confidence, and told Mr. Kenneth all about their change of fortune, of his sister's perfect behavoir under the circumstances, of her courage, and cheeriness, of the gray-haired old man she refused to even think of, for a moment, as her over, of the unknown, fortunate stranger who had fallen heir so romantically to the wealth he and Alice had always been taught to consider as theirs. And Kenneth had listened, and ooked grave, and then caught a sudden upward glance of Alice's eyes, as she sat leaning restfully against the head of Felix's lounge.

"I think I should pray hourly for some judgment on that usurping fellow's head. Alice" ne had fallen into a way all her friends had of ealling her by her sweet Christian name—" Alice, you must hate that fellow most cordially.

"I wish I could conscientiously say I don't feel hurt, and—well, Mr. Kenneth, a little envious, when I think of the dear home at Pineside, where in all probability he is enjoying himself this minute. But truly, I don't hate

Kenneth looked eagerly at her.

"Such ardent passions seem strangers to your heart, Alice. Felix has told me how you refused your suitor's hand, and of course you could not have loved him to have done so.

He was thoroughly interested in his remarks and Alice smoothed Felix's bright hair gently with her sweet face slighty averted and flushed

"I did not love him, certainly, or-She hesitated, charmingly confused, and Ken

eth's eyes grew more and more eager "Shall I finish for you? You did not love him, or you would not have resigned a fortune

He paused inquiringly, watching the rising "Not that, Mr. Kenneth. Had I cared, the money would have made not the smallest dif-

ference, whether I kept or lost it.' Kenneth walked over to the forest of flowers in the rear window, then called Alice, and every pulse in her body bounded under the passion and command of his tone as he said:

ice, come here; I want you.' He parted the snowy ruffled window curtains that draped the window from the street, and let them fall, a frail, pure barrier between them and all the world; and then he looked at

her, all his soul in his splendid eyes. "How could I wait another moment, Alice Alice, darling, how I love you! And you will tell me you return it, as only such a true, grand woman could return it. Alice! Alice! my

It thrilled her from head to foot with such delicious ecstasy—those low, impassioned he dre words, with his eyes riveted on her face, his knife. breath coming quick, irregular, his handsome face aglow with earnestness.

Then, always true, always frank, always womanly, she lifted her eyes, and gave one swift, smiling, blushing glance that quent with the success of his suit, and Kenneth knew she was his own forever, she, whom a

world of money could not buy. She looked up from her sewing into Kenneth's radiant face.

He pulled her muslin from her hands, laugh-'How long have we been engaged, Alice? A year or so, isn't it?"

"A year? Oh, what makes you so foolish, when you know it hasn't been a month!"

"And you've been happy, dear? Perfectly happy in the addicipation of being a poor man's er." A great, solemn tenderness dawned in her asked.

"Oh, my darling, you never can know how entirely happy and content. I would have nothing different—nothing better than you, just as you are my king among men.'

He lifted her sweet, adoring face to his own, paler than Alice had ever seen it, and radiant

Chauncey Kenneth Hetherington? Alice, love, isn't it grand, glorious—this beautiful ro-mance of ours? And you and I and Felix will That was Alice's love story—passing strange, passing sweet, but—the beginning of a life so crowned with every blessing of Chauncey Hetherington's love, that three times, even six, after years, a wife and mother, Alice, with won-dering face, and bated breath, and aw some

How'd you like to go back to Pineside? Will

you go back—with me? Can you believe me, when I tell you I am old Mr. Maijoram's heir—

yes, asks her heart if it can be true. And that fond, true heart answers jubilantly

"Yes!" and Chauncey's ardent eyes echoes the glad answer; and her babies' sweet cooing lips re echo it.

# Tales of the Indies.

A Strange Fight at Sea. BY YAM.

"STAND by your topsail halliards, fore and aft!" roared the mate, as the squall struck her abeam, throwing her almost on her beam-ends. We were off the Cape of Good Hope; it was olowing a hurricane, and there was already five feet of water in her hold.

Three men rushed to the halliards, one each o fore, main and mizzen.

She creaked and strained to such an extent that we looked wistfully at the mate for orders to let go, but he was determined to run unusual

risks in hopes of making a quick trip.

I informed him that the fore-topgallant mast was dancing a jig, and threatened to come

"Go to the deuce, you lubber!" he growled. "Ay, ay, sir!" I rejoined, as I started for my bilskins, but before I could reach the main deck there came a sudden lull, she straightened up, and for two seconds there was not a capful of

This was ominous, the most experienced looked to windward, and two or three said, "Whew,

More suddenly than it had lulled did it now squall; in half a minute more the canvas was split and blown from the bolt-ropes, the forepgallant mast came crashing on deck.

Let go your halliards!" yelled the mate. For one moment she was on her beam-ends, the main-yard-arm under water, and a cry of

ensternation rose from many throats.

All hands were now on deck clinging to the hrouds and rigging. Spars, gratings, buckets, chicken-coops, etc., were washed overboard; a green sea had come aboard, sweeping the decks lean, driving the men into the rigging. Three oor fellows were washed overboard.

In the mean time I succeeded in reaching my cabin, where I met with a warm reception from a couple of chests which were chasing each other round the cabin. My bunk was full of water, bedding and pillows swimming in a hog-pen which was jammed against the starboard

Oh the top bunk sat my messmate, Will Hanox, surveying with every appearance of dis-gust the frantic efforts of his chest to get into the leg of his rubber boot, and whistling dole-"Sweet Home."

"Say, Ned, who wouldn't sell their farm and go to sea? Awfully jolly, ain't it?" 'Who were the men washed overboard?" I

"Chips, Tom Kent, and the 'Lascar." We now made the best of our way aft. All hands were at the pumps. The steward was about to serve out grog.

"Jump up, one of you boys, and make fast that mizzen royal!" said the mate.

Will and I sprung toward the ratlines; I eached there first and ran up hand over hand. As I ascended I perceived some one stowed away in the top; it was the "Lascar," whom Will had told me was washed overboard; he was loafing, instead of joining the hands at the

I had an instinctive dislike to the Hindoo, and two days before had struck him to the deck for

That blow he had not forgiven. As I appeared in the top he pretended to be soiling down a rope. I glanced contemptuously at him and told him in Bengallee to go down

and lend a hand to pump ship. Continuing my ascent I reached the royal-yard and out of breath sat down across it. It grew terribly dark and the wind again freshened; large drops of rain and vivid flashes of lightning followed each other in quick

I hurriedly furled the sail and was about to descend when I felt something groping for the Quick as thought I drew my knife threw

one leg astride the yard-arm and grasped the

alliards with one hand while in the other I held my knife. My maneuver was just in time, the rope upon which I had been standing and still steadied myself with one foot was suddenly cut adrift and blew away to "leeward."

I could see nothing except by an occasional friendly flash, which discovered my opponent's head on a level with my feet. I kicked him twice in the face with my

neavy sea-boot which made him howl with pain; he drew himself up toward me and clutched his Another flash and we both lunged at each other with our knives. I received his on the

right arm-a dangerous wound. My blow nust have entered his face. After endeavoring to draw my knife from its mortal sheath, I struck him a terrific blow

in the chest which sent him backward. Clutching wildly for any stray rope or stay, he lost his equilibrium and tottered shrieking

into the darkness, and found the grave that he had proposed for me.

I descended slowly and cautiously, for the ship was laboring heavily and I had but one hand to steady myself with. As I arrived in

the mizzen-tops I saw Will Hancox swinging himself over the futtock rigging. "Hallo, Ned. What cheer, messmate?" "Devilish poor, Will. I've had to throw that infernal 'Lascar' into Davy Jones' lock-

"Been up to his treacherous games?" he

I a ked him to assist me down on deck, where I narrated in presence of the officers and crew the encounter I had had.

The affair was noted upon the ship's log, and no one had a word of sympathy for the Hindoo sailor who had met his deserts at my

Since that time I have been very careful not "Alice, it almost makes me tremble to think to "get foul" of a "Lascar."